

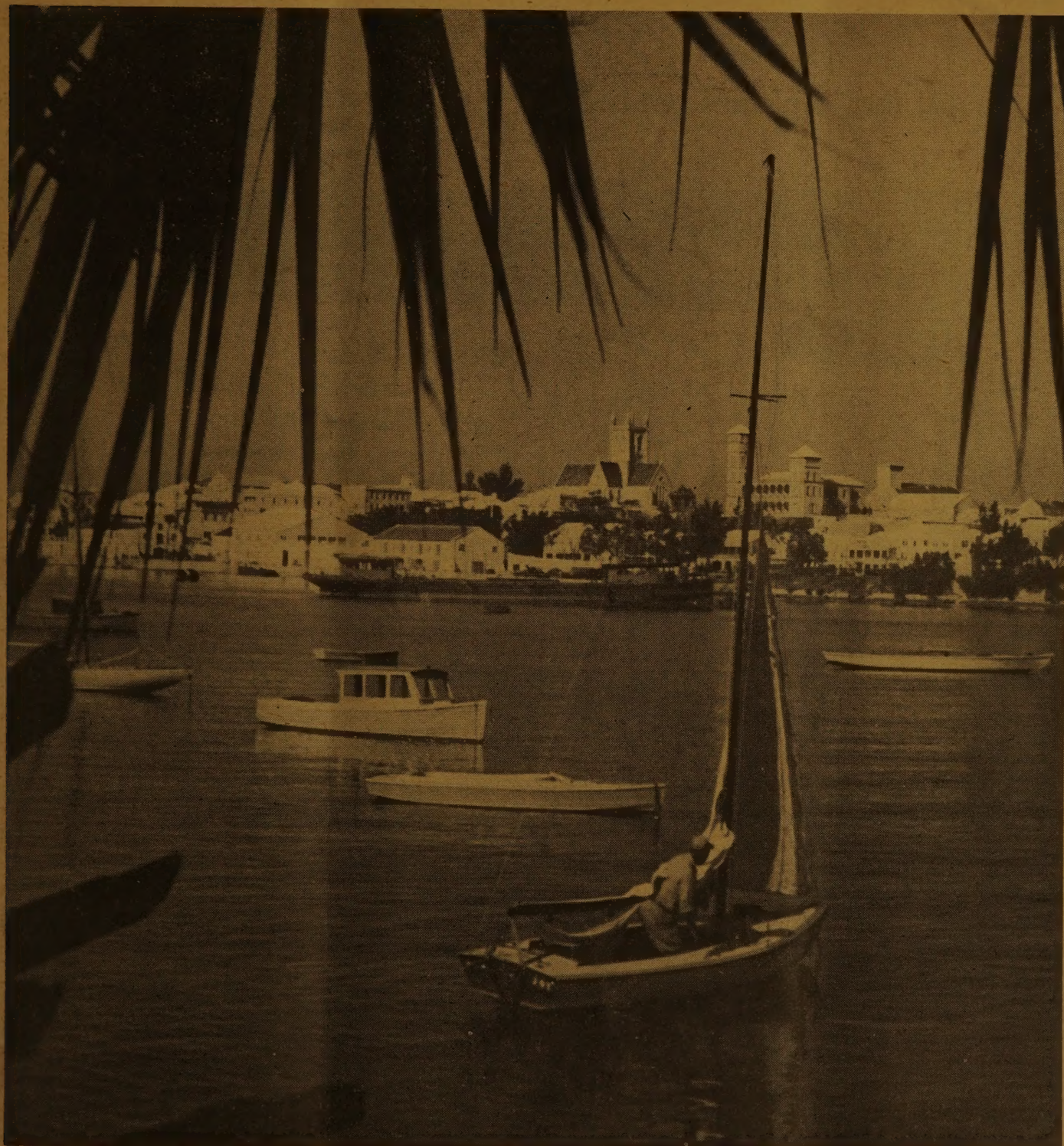
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The Listener

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Red Hole harbour, Hamilton, Bermuda. The British Prime Minister and President Eisenhower met in Bermuda on March 21

In this number:

The Control of Monopoly in British Industry (Joan Robinson)

South of Sahara (William Clark)

Style and Vision in Art (Eric Newton)

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Vol. LVII. No. 1460

Thursday March 21 1957

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The Control of Monopoly in British Industry

By JOAN ROBINSON

MONOPOLY is a large subject. I want here to confine the discussion to monopoly in the sense of a single firm that controls the supply of almost the whole of some definite commodity—a case such as the British Oxygen Company, which was the subject of a recent report of the Monopolies Commission*—not a case of 'restrictive practices' where a number of independent firms agree amongst themselves to regulate competition.

The usual starting point for any such discussion is, to put it crudely, that monopoly is a Bad Thing and competition a Good Thing. There is an obvious *prima facie* case that restrictive practices are a bad thing. But how can we say that monopoly is a bad thing and competition a good thing, when, at least in manufacturing industry, monopoly is generally nothing but the result of successful competition? Competition means trying to get customers from rivals, to grow, to undersell, to get a larger share of the market. So long as no one wins in the struggle competition goes on. In many games there is a handicapping system designed to equalise chances and keep the game going. In competition the handicapping system goes the other way. The winner at one round finds it easier to win at the next. This may be due to technical economies of scale: the firm with the larger output of a particular commodity can use more efficient methods of production. But even when there are no great economies of scale, or even some dis-economies due to the cumbersomeness of a large organisation, the firm whose output is already large has built up goodwill for its name, has the command of finance for expansion, has become important to suppliers of raw materials and to dealers in the product so that it commands preferential treatment, has the power to buy brains so that its staff is of more than average ability. Success favours success.

Take the case of the British Oxygen Company. It has a nearly complete monopoly of two kinds of industrial gas, including oxygen for medical use, an important position in a third kind of gas, and a commanding position in the supply of machinery for the production of gas. This position was built up over a period of more than forty years before the war by a process of competition, mainly based on

foreign patents. An important stage in B.O.C.'s growth was due to winning a patent action, but it was the other party who was the aggressor. Rival firms were driven out of business or bought up when competition had brought them to their knees.

You might object that it is not competition that is to blame but 'unfair' competition. It is true that the British Oxygen Company is convicted of having used a 'fighting company' for a certain period of time, but this was rather to preserve its monopoly position than to create it, and in any case it was not an important part of the whole history. It is also true that the command over patents for machinery was an important bulwark of B.O.C.'s position, but it is hard to say that this was not a normal move in the competitive game. In general, the story of B.O.C. is a typical example of the way that competition creates monopoly.

What, then, is the objection? The main emphasis in most discussions of monopoly—including the Commission's report—is on the fact that command over supply enables the monopolist to keep up prices and make exorbitant profits. In real life monopolists rarely charge the 'full monopoly price' of the text books. In a case like this, where the commodity supplied is a small but necessary ingredient in further production, there is almost no limit to the price that could be charged, at least for a short time. The B.O.C. is not accused of ruthless exploitation of monopoly power, but merely of having made more profit than is to be considered reasonable (and even that is not agreed by all the signatories of the report).

Far more important, in my opinion, than excessive profits is excessive costs. If prices are kept high it is a case of maldistribution: 'the more there is of mine, the less there is of yours'. But high costs mean less for everybody, a wastage of national resources. There is a certain presumption that a successful competitor who has achieved monopoly will relax when the struggle has been won and keep going by reason of strategic power rather than by continuous improvements in efficiency. This is the presumption, but it is extremely difficult for anyone to check up in a particular case to see whether the presumption is fulfilled.

* Report on the supply of certain industrial and medical gases. H.M. Stationery Office. 6s.

Just because the monopolist is a monopolist, there is no one with whom to compare his costs (in this case the only surviving independent firm seems to have much higher costs). The B.O.C. can show that their costs have been falling (allowing for the fall in value of money since the war) and how can anyone *prove* (however much they may suspect) that costs would have been lower, or greater technical progress made, under the pressure of competition? All that the Commission is able to say is: 'On such evidence as is available to us, it seems that rapid technical progress is still being made abroad, notably in U.S.A. and Germany. In view of its monopoly position, it will depend entirely upon B.O.C. whether this country keeps abreast of overseas manufacturers, or whether we lag behind and remain dependent on them for improved methods of production and distribution'. This is really the heart of the matter. The essential paradox in the whole business is that competitive efficiency naturally develops into monopolistic stagnation, and leaves us without any means of judging how serious the stagnation is.

Fighting the Tendency to Stagnate

The tendency to stagnate when the pressure is taken off is a universal human trait. I freely admit that dons are not immune from it. It seems foolish of industrialists to become huffy when this is pointed out. Their critics are not accusing them of anything worse than of being human beings. But the important question is, what can be done about it?

The Commission rejects the idea of restoring competition by any kind of trust busting. They are influenced by the argument that in this case the very fact of being a monopoly contributes to the genuine efficiency of the B.O.C. The cost of transport, including containers, is the main part of the cost of supplying industrial gas, so that it is convenient to have scattered sources of supply near to the markets, and it is obvious that if there were a number of competitors in each district none could be large enough to operate efficiently. Moreover when a monopoly has arisen in a once competitive industry, to recreate competition would be to go back to the first chapter and repeat the same history over again.

So far as the danger of excessive profits is concerned, price control is a remedy. But, as I have said, the exploitation of monopoly power by keeping up prices is only one side of the matter. It is extremely hard to devise a method of price control that does not reduce the incentive to improve efficiency. If prices are quickly adjusted to costs there is no advantage at all to the firm in improving its efficiency. The adjustment has to be at fairly long intervals so that the firm is left with extra profits as a result of continuously reducing real costs, while there has to be some sort of 'escalator clause' to allow for rising money wage rates and prices of materials. Then it may well happen that the prices are kept up in circumstances when the firm, left to itself, would have been quite willing to lower them.

The most important objection to price control, in my opinion, is that, when it has been imposed, a firm can generally do better for itself by winning an argument with the controllers than by making a genuine reduction in costs, so that the best energies of the firm are deflected into a totally unconstructive activity. Price control involves the authorities taking a view as to what is a fair and reasonable profit and this leaves room for endless argument, first as to what is a fair rate of profit and secondly what is the value of the capital on which profit is to be reckoned. This comes into the forefront and smothers the really important question—the question of costs. It has been remarked, about the system of price control over public utilities in certain States in America, that 'fairness to vested interests rather than economic efficiency is the heart of the legal doctrine of "fair present value"', and this is likely to be true of any kind of system of legal price control that might be set up in this country.

The most thoroughgoing remedy for monopoly is nationalisation. Two members of the Commission recommend, at least, that public ownership should be 'seriously considered'. It can be argued that the existence of monopoly shows that the industry has reached a stage where private enterprise has played its part and the time has come to change over from 'production for profit to production for use'. There is some danger, however, that accepting this doctrine would stifle competition, for no one likes to be nationalised and it is easy to avoid becoming a monopoly by not competing. Stagnation due to a tacit conspiracy to live and let live may be even more deleterious than stagnation due to having won the competitive game too decisively.

Nationalisation obviously raises much wider issues than the monopoly problem. If it is part of a general change over to 'production for use' the question of compensation would not be of great importance.

Generous treatment of shareholders would be the political price for a quiet transition, and the mass of unearned income would gradually be eroded by inflation and death duties.

But if nationalisation is regarded just as an *ad hoc* remedy for a few monopolies the question of compensation comes into the front of the picture. Are shareholders to be given the 'fair' value of the concern, on the basis of its earnings? In that case they are given the benefit of its monopoly position and the more it has exploited that position to make super-profits, the more they get. The nationalised industry has to earn the interest on the compensation money, and is therefore obliged to behave in pretty much the same way as the monopoly that it has taken over. It is true that government bonds carry interest less than the yield of shares, but this is because they are less risky. The nation takes over the risk and by guaranteeing interest at a lower rate we certainly do not get something for nothing.

Nationalisation does not settle the question of prices. The existing nationalised industries are instructed to charge prices which cover costs (on the average, good years with bad) and they have to finance expansion by outside borrowing. This may be more logical than the system of self-finance out of profits which prevails in private industry, but a switch over from one to the other involves further considerations besides the monopoly question. For example, part of the price of goods produced by a successful expanding firm is a kind of tax on the consumer with which the firm gives itself a budget surplus in the form of undistributed profits to finance expansion. If the tax is removed (by prices being reduced) while expansion goes on at the same rate, consumers have more purchasing power to dispose of and inflationary pressure results. Moreover, until all the monopolies have been dealt with, the pattern of prices becomes even more irrational than it was before.

Nor does nationalisation, in itself, settle the question of technical stagnation, which, as I am trying to emphasise, is enormously more important than exploitative prices. To nationalise a monopoly may be only to put another hat on its head. To make a reality of 'production for use' it is necessary to devise some kind of substitute for competition that will guarantee that technical progress is kept alive. There is no reason why it should not be done, but it would not happen of itself.

All this is rather academic. At the present moment there seems to be little likelihood of anything being nationalised, and if, in a few years time, another bout of nationalisation sets in, it will be discussed and decided upon much wider grounds and the monopoly problem will come out in the wash. The reason why all this discussion is so vague and unsatisfactory is that our basic conception of what industry is for is in a state of transition and all our ideas about it are confused. On the one hand we think of industry as a field for adventure where individuals can make careers and make fortunes. The play of luck and ability is the main point and meeting the needs of consumers is an incidental by-product of the sport, like the bag at a shooting party. On the other hand we regard meeting the needs of the nation as the prime end and purpose and think of industry as a kind of public service.

Duty of the Modern Industrialist

The modern industrialist regards himself partly, in the good old way, as out to win prizes, but partly also as discharging duties. He has a duty to the firm, to see that it prospers and grows; a duty to the shareholders, to pay them good dividends; a duty to the workers, to keep them employed; a duty to consumers, to give them good value for money. So long as he is subject to vigorous competition, the first duty (to the firm as such) overshadows the others and he has not much scope for adjudicating between them. But when he has won a position of monopoly, he has to decide how to share out the benefit between all these parties, and he honestly does not know what he is supposed to do for the best. The fact that amongst eight signatories of the report there are four opinions on the record of the B.O.C. is only a symptom of the fog that everyone is groping in. If industry is really a form of public service nationalisation is certainly logical, but nothing happens according to logic and meanwhile we have to muddle along.

We cannot expect drastic remedies and must make do with palliatives. For one thing, the decay of competition has been connected with protection, and a movement back to free trade might set up a painful but salutary corrective (though in this particular case transport costs provide a natural protection for the industry). For another thing, the mere existence of the Monopolies Commission and the public opinion that it is building up does a certain amount of good. It does good by shaming

(continued on page 475)

South of Sahara—I

A New Leader in Africa

WILLIAM CLARK on Dr. Nkrumah and Ghana

IN the past two months, everywhere I have travelled in Africa I have been asked the same question: is the Gold Coast, or Ghana, really ready for self-government? The only people who seem to have no doubt on the matter are the people of Ghana themselves, who have assumed the mantle of authority with the same easy grace that they wear their brightly coloured togas. They have no doubt that they can make the immensely complicated machinery of a modern state work with credit to themselves and as an example to the world. Above all, as an example to the world; for here, in West Africa, there are few, if any, who doubt that on the success or failure of independent Ghana will be judged the capacity or incapacity of Africans to govern themselves. We should realise that, at the same time, judgement will be passed on the bold experiment of British policy in Africa, which is seeking to create new independent African states.

As I watched the colourful and splendid pageantry whereby Ghana proclaimed its independence after a century of colonial rule, I was aware, looking at the distinguished crowd, how closely the scene was being watched not only from Cape Town to Kampala, but also in Washington, Moscow, New Delhi, and Peking. The people of Ghana were aware of it, too, and enjoyed every moment of their sudden fame, for they are a people of unbounded self-confidence. In trying to estimate their chances of future success and to guess what sort of a state Ghana will become, this self-confidence is a cardinal fact. Ghana is a small state of 4,500,000 people; it is a poor state, with roughly a quarter of the income per head we enjoy in Britain; but it is a proud state, sure of its destiny. The people in the boom town of Accra, and in the cocoa farms further north, hold their heads high, and smile at you with courteous affability as people who are absolutely sure of their status. There is no inferiority complex amongst these Africans.

How far is their confidence well based?

Can Ghana avoid the perils of a slow running down of the economy; of a collapse of public morality; of the failure of democratic methods; even the ultimate danger of civil war? No visitor to Ghana can be as sure of the answers to those questions as the people themselves. This self-government is an experiment. It could easily fail, for it is attempting, after a very few years of practice, to operate the sort of parliamentary democracy which grew up over five centuries in Britain.

But Ghana has certain great advantages: notably, an old-established system of education, which has produced an *élite* that is now effectively governing the country. What is more, because they recognise the value of education, money has been poured into schools by the African Cabinet in the past five years. Primary-school places have doubled, secondary-school places quadrupled, and the university college at Legon has been built and equipped. The fruits of this educational policy will be harvested in a few years' time when the last of the British civil servants are leaving.

Yet, even so, I would not suppose that the standards of efficiency and incorruptibility, built up by the Colonial Service, would be maintained absolutely intact. However, I would expect that failings and failures would be gradually eliminated. The preservation of democracy, and the success of self-government, will depend in the last resource on the character and ability of the political leaders. Here Ghana is

lucky—luckier, perhaps, than India—in that she has three outstanding men at the top: Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, flanked by Gbedemah and Botsio. All three are ambitious, shrewd, and hungry for praise. That is not a bad basis for political success. It has made them apt pupils of Sir Charles Arden-Clarke the Governor, now Governor-General, whom all three acknowledge as their patient tutor in the art of government.

These are the new men of the new Africa. So far things have been easy for them. Though they proudly wear their caps with the initials 'P.G.' for 'prison graduate', they have not really had a hard struggle with Britain to gain power or independence. Freedom has been handed to them, and handed to them in a period of economic boom. They are as a result unembittered, but also inexperienced. Their trials lie ahead. The sharpest trial may well come in the economic sphere, where Ghana is very vulnerable. In broad outline the Gold Coast has derived almost all its wealth from the export of cocoa, and in the past three years the world price of cocoa has been halved. The Government's revenue has been correspondingly reduced, although the farmer is at present being shielded by subsidies.

This makes it all the more necessary to try to diversify Ghana's economy, to make the wellbeing of the country less dependent on the price of a single crop on the New York Cocoa Exchange. Elaborate plans have been laid to build a dam on the Volta river, which would produce electric power and irrigation, and an aluminium industry to use the country's deposits of bauxite. All very fine: but the cost is enormous, and with national income falling so fast it is doubtful whether outside capital, even from the International Bank, will be forthcoming to finance it. On the whole it looks as if Ghana's independence would begin in a period of austerity, which will prove particularly awkward for a new Government that has

held out such hopes of what would happen once the country was free.

Being short of money is also going to make it much harder for the Government to carry out its first task, which is to build a nation out of the various tribes which happen to have been included in the boundaries drawn by European administrators over the past century. Six weeks ago, when I was in Ashanti—200 miles north of Accra—I found much talk of, and some preparations for, civil war, for fighting rather than accepting rule by the despised tribes of the coast. However, by a brilliant operation in face-saving, the Colonial Secretary got everyone to agree to constitutional devices which seem to protect the interests and the feelings of the inland tribes, while maintaining a strong unitary Central Government. For the moment, all is relatively quiet. But the Government in Accra is not going to find it easy to win the loyalty of the hinterland. The pressure from Dr. Nkrumah's party, the Convention People's Party, will be to reward the faithful and to ignore the critics who make up at least a third of the people.

Unless the Prime Minister can resist this political demand and assert his own more statesmanlike ideas for reconciliation, then the divisions in the country will grow and bear bitter fruit. He must woo the people of Ashanti, the people of the Northern Territories and of Togoland, or he and his Government will be rejected by them: for any opposition, such as the present National Liberation Movement, based on regional



Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, with (left) Mr. K. A. Gbedemah, Minister of Finance, and (right) Mr. Kojo Botsio, Minister of Trade and Labour

discontents is a threat to the ultimate stability of the state. Democracy will not be very secure in Ghana until an opposition exists which seeks not just to limit the powers of the Central Government, but seeks itself to become the Central Government, and to carry out alternative policies for the nation as a whole. At present the only real safeguards of democracy are the tolerance and the statesmanship of Dr. Nkrumah and his colleagues, and their very strong desire to play a creditable part on the world stage.

In considering whether Ghana is ready for self-government, I feel we should never underestimate this wish to be applauded by the world, as a successful African self-governing democracy. This vanity, if it is vanity, is one of the most hopeful weaknesses of the national character. Furthermore, it will almost certainly incline Nkrumah's Government to seek for Ghana the leadership of West Africa; and perhaps ultimately of Africa as a whole. The very name 'Ghana' is a sign of this ambition; for it refers back to a vast Negro empire which existed between about A.D. 300 and 1100, and included most of north-west Africa, though probably it never came so far south as the Gold Coast itself. The leaders of the new Ghana wish for even wider boundaries. But do not imagine that this means a new form of African imperialism; it does not. What Dr. Nkrumah is seeking is to impress on the world what he calls 'the African personality'. He means to ensure that Africa counts for something in world affairs, particularly in the United Nations, and he realises that Ghana alone is too small to make sufficient impact. Therefore, as the first African colony to obtain self-government by

Africans, he hopes to lead the anti-colonialist movement which bubbles just beneath the surface all over Africa. His plans for a West African Federation, a Pan-African Conference—all of this is a part of his attempt to lead Africa out of colonialism. That raises the crucial question about Ghana for us in Britain. Will she be our friend in world affairs, or the friend of our enemies? Dr. Nkrumah has already made it clear that he wants to stay outside the power blocs, and I think we should expect to see his foreign policy modelled on that of India. But the African personality will be distinctive and will seek to be distinctive: and it will bear many signs of its long association with Britain. There is here a fund of goodwill towards Britain, and, after all, the links with Britain should remain strong. You can still hear the B.B.C. News on Ghana radio; the university college is linked to London University; the shops are filled with British goods and British books; these links will not easily perish or be broken.

Above all, Ghana is anxious to receive praise and approbation from Britain. The people and their leaders are perhaps over-sensitive to our criticism and to our applause. They know that they are capable of self-government, but they are anxious that we should acknowledge it fully. A great deal depends on how the British public and the British press now behave towards Ghana. If we can appear to be proud of their success, sympathetic with their difficulties, understanding of their failures, tolerant of their mistakes, we can keep the friendship of this new member of the Commonwealth, which is seeking to lead a whole great continent only now awakening from its long sleep.—*Home Service*

The Control of Military Power—IV

Army and Autocracy in Russia

By HUGH SETON-WATSON

THE problems of control of military power by the government, and of military influence on the formation of general policy, exist and have long existed in Russia as in any large modern state. Not much is known outside Russia of the operation in detail of these controls and influences. Even so, the main outlines are clear enough, and they become clearer if one can give the picture a little historical depth.

Since Stalin died the Soviet Army has undoubtedly gained influence and power, largely through the personality of Marshal Zhukov, the present Minister of Defence. This is something new. Influence by generals has not been a dominant factor in Russian history, either before or after the Bolshevik Revolution. It is true that Russian society has always been more militarised than most. The Russian state has been a 'barracks-state', in contrast to the nineteenth-century western 'night-watchman state'. This is mainly a result of Russian geography, and of the process by which Muscovy expanded from a small land-locked nucleus of territory into a powerful empire. The process was not unlike the expansion of west European nuclei, the Ile-de-France of the Capets or the early Kingdom of Castile. Like Castile, Muscovy expanded largely at the expense of the Moslem infidel, who had invaded and conquered earlier Christian kingdoms—Visigothic Spain and Kievan Russia. But France and Spain had natural frontiers which could in time be reached; Russia was a featureless plainland, bounded only by the Arctic ice in the north, open in all other directions. Imagine the United States without the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans, surrounded by not a few thousand Red Indians but several first-class military powers, and you would have a parallel.

It was the armies of the autocrat of Moscow which made the Russian Empire. There was a time when a few hundred rugged individualists opened up Siberia for themselves, meeting no opposition more serious than were the Red Indians in North America. But before long the autocrat caught up with these pioneers and subjected them to the same cumbrous but effective military hierarchy as their kinsmen back in central Russia. The 'open frontier', in fact, has played as important a part in Russian as in American history, but its effect has been just the opposite. In America the open frontier has meant opportunity, and so freedom: in Russia it has meant insecurity, and so subjection.

Yet always the authority of the autocracy over the army was maintained. In the eighteenth century there were disputed successions and feminine rulers. In these palace revolutions the *élite* of the regular army

—the Guards—played a leading part. But these events threw up no military leader anxious to seize power for himself. The Guards officers put forward no constitutional demands. They did not act as a social class or indeed as a conscious group. They replaced one weak pretender to the throne by another, but in their loyalty to the principle of autocracy they never wavered.

The only military conspirators with political ideas were the Decembrists, who in 1825 tried to make a revolution at the death of Tsar Alexander I. But the important thing about them is not that they were soldiers or that they were nobles, but that they belonged to a new social group that fitted none of the established categories of class or estate—the intelligentsia. It consisted of those few persons who had received a contemporary European education, had seen Europe, and were bitterly aware of the contrast between democratic ideas and Russian despotism, between western economic and cultural progress and Russian barbarism, between their own way of life and thought and the squalid swamp in which the Russian peasant had his being. In the eighteenth-century a very large proportion of such people were in the army in Russia, as in Spain at the same period, and in the Balkans and Turkey at later periods.

The Decembrists were crushed, and thereafter the army was purged of dangerous ideas. There were no revolutionary generals in nineteenth-century Russia, as there were in Spain or Latin America. The revolutionary tradition was developed by civilians, and the revolutionaries hated the army as a bulwark of reaction. Tsardom at last collapsed through military defeat in 1917. The Bolsheviks did what they could to speed up the disintegration of the army under the democratic republican government which followed. But once they themselves were in power they found they had to have an army of their own, to fight a civil war and to be ready for foreign invasion.

For the new army the Bolsheviks needed the services of as many professional officers of the old Imperial army as they could persuade to join them. Trotsky, the first People's Commissar for War, insisted, against some very strong opposition inside the Communist Party, that they would prove good, loyal commanders, and on the whole results justified him. But a new institution was set up, to watch over the officers on behalf of the party. This was the institution of political commissars. It has a rather distant ancestor in the special inspectors of the Convention whom the French revolutionary government of 1793 sent to supervise politically unreliable officers taken over from the royal

army. But in Soviet Russia an elaborate hierarchy was created, with a political administration of the armed forces, responsible to the party's Central Committee, at its apex, and descending through political commissars of different ranks, down to company level. In periods of acute crisis—like the civil war, the collectivisation of agriculture, and the Great Purge of 1937-38—commissars have held great power in relation to regular military commanders. At times they even had to countersign operational orders. But the general trend of nearly forty years of Soviet history has been to strengthen the authority of the regular chain of command.

The Security Police

Today the commissars—who are known as 'Assistant-Commanders (Political)', or *zampolit*—are not very formidable. Their functions may be described as a mixture of those of the Army Education Corps and the Army Chaplains' department. Their chief, the Head of the Political Administration of the Armed Forces, is not even a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. But there is another, more formidable, organisation that watches over the army, the security police. Every army has to have its security and its counter-espionage. But normally these branches come under army command. In Soviet Russia they have been under the Ministry of Interior or the Ministry of State Security. It has maintained a hierarchy of so-called special sections, at each level of command, with an unknown number of informers of all ranks working for them. In addition to this, the police has had its own army—the Internal Troops of the M.V.D., a political *élite* formation, equipped with the best modern weapons, and taking its orders not from the Ministry of Defence but from the Ministry of Interior. Its relationship to the regular army in fact is rather similar to that of the Waffen S.S. to the Wehrmacht in Nazi Germany. Since the death of Stalin, and especially since the fall of Beria in June 1953, the police have lost much power and prestige. But as far as is known, they still control army security and the internal troops.

Under this system, the authority of the autocracy over the army, the subordination of the generals to the political power, have been even more effective than they were under the Tsars. At first the autocracy was that of the Central Committee, in which Lenin was the leader but not the absolute despot. Later it became the personal autocracy of Stalin. When Lenin died, his leading colleagues for some years competed for power. At this time Trötsky, as Head of the Military Revolutionary Council, controlled the army. But he was curiously obsessed by the desire to prove to his rivals that he would never be a second Bonaparte. He refused to use the army as an instrument of internal struggle. This was one of the main reasons why he was defeated by the combination of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Stalin.

Once Stalin himself became undisputed ruler, he watched the army carefully. His jealous care for his personal autocracy reached its climax in the Great Purge of 1937-38. More than half the senior officers were removed from their commands, and many of these were executed. Whether in fact there was any military plot against Stalin we shall probably never know. As for the alleged connection of Soviet military plotters with the Nazi German General Staff, no evidence has been found of it in the mass of German documents examined by Allied historians since 1945. On the other hand there are circumstantial stories by the senior Soviet espionage officer Krivitsky and by the German Gestapo officers Schellenberg and Hoettl, which agree to a remarkable extent, though the first source is independent of the other two. Hoettl asserts that Heydrich, the head of the Gestapo, sold false documents incriminating Marshal Tukhachevsky and other high officers to the Soviet Embassy in Berlin, through an intermediary, for 3,000,000 roubles in notes, which turned out to be forged. The German purpose was to disorganise the Red Army commanders. According to Krivitsky, Stalin knew the information was false, but needed it because he, too, wanted to destroy the Red Army commanders from personal fear. Both stories may well be true.

The effects of the purge were felt in the disastrous rout of the Red Army in the first months of 1941. But it rallied in front of Moscow, and for the rest of the war the Soviet generals proved themselves a match for the German. Their victories won them glory and popularity among the Russian people; yet the supreme authority of the politicians, which means of Stalin, was never challenged. Indeed Mr. Khrushchev's testimony to the twentieth Party Congress a year ago shows that Stalin, like Hitler, at times interfered with the movement of individual divisions, with equally unfortunate results. But the supremacy of the politicians over generals in modern war is not only a feature of totalitarian

regimes; it is a result of the development of the modern state and the increased importance of the civilian war effort. In the first world war Ludendorff was in effect a political dictator, and Foch and Haig could hold their own with prime ministers. In the second world war this was not true even in the western democracies, and the difference cannot be wholly explained by the undoubted fact that Sir Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt were exceptional personalities.

After 1945 Stalin pushed the generals out of the limelight again. The most eminent of them all, the greatest war hero of the Soviet people, Marshal Zhukov, was given a series of minor commands, and was even insulted in a war film shown throughout the country. But when Stalin died, Marshal Zhukov was made First Deputy Minister of Defence. Two years later, when Mr. Malenkov resigned from the premiership, Marshal Zhukov became Minister of Defence. At the twentieth Congress of the Party, in February 1956, Marshal Zhukov was elected the first of the probationary members of the Presidium of the Central Committee, the highest policy-making body in the Soviet Union.

This is the first time in the history of the Soviet Union that a soldier, whose whole career has been spent in the army, has been admitted to the innermost circle of power. And available evidence suggests that there is no other general, either in the Ministry of Defence and General Staff or among the military district commanders, who could challenge, or would wish to challenge, Marshal Zhukov's authority. In the Presidium, it may be assumed that Marshal Zhukov makes the wishes of the army felt in all important matters of internal and foreign policy. He is probably more influential than any Russian general for a hundred years or more. Yet no position is quite impregnable. One of the most serious problems of Soviet society is the problem of the generations, and this affects the army too. Promotion is even slower than in other peace-time armies, especially in the higher ranks. An officer in his early thirties immediately after the Great Purge had dazzling opportunities ahead. Not so the Soviet officer in his early thirties today. It may be that Marshal Zhukov primarily reflects the opinion of elderly army officers, rather than of the officers as a whole. There has been conflict between generations in Russia since Turgenev wrote *Fathers and Sons*, and before; but the rigid hierarchy of the Soviet regime increases the frustration. This equally applies to posts in political administration and industrial management; but frustration in the army is liable to be more dangerous.

Ideals of the Young

Connected with the problem of the relations between the generations is the problem of the ideals of the young, including the young in uniform. The Red Army was originally intended to be the vanguard of world revolution, the liberator of the workers of the world. But its latest assignment has been to massacre the workers of Budapest. Soviet officers and men in Hungary know perfectly well what they have been doing, and whom they have been shooting. Most of them, at any rate in the tank units, are from working class families. In 1945 some people in the West thought that Soviet soldiers who had seen for themselves the high standard of living, even in ruined Germany and Austria, would be a source of dangerous discontent when they got home. They recalled the impact of France in 1815 on the generation of Russian officers from which came the Decembrists. Stalin himself seems to have agreed with these western observers, because he took a good deal of trouble to anticipate the danger. He set up a whole system of political quarantine and ideological indoctrination for returning troops, under control of the security police. Probably he exaggerated the danger. I am not so sure that the mere sight of full shop-windows and modern flats are enough to convert one to the 'western way of life'. Their experiences in Budapest are another matter, because they reflect on the nature of the Soviet system itself. The system of quarantine under police control for returning troops has been abolished since Stalin died, and Marshal Zhukov will hardly be willing to have it restored.

The whole tradition of Russian history, before and after 1917, was for the army to submit to the orders of the political autocracy. But there was the Decembrist episode. The Decembrists were separated from the mass of the Russian people, including their own men, by a fathomless gulf. Intellectuals and peasants lived each in a different cultural world. The Decembrists' ideas could find no echo in the rest of Russian society. Today the cultural gulf has almost disappeared. Officers and soldiers, scientists and skilled workers, have much the same educational background, however great the difference in their material wealth. Ideas can no longer be isolated in one small compartment of society. Modern Decembrists could be more dangerous to the successors of Stalin than were their predecessors to Tsar Nicholas.

—Third Programme

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts from eastern Europe

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Visit to Bermuda

TODAY Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, is meeting Mr. Eisenhower, the President of the United States, in Bermuda. Mr. Macmillan has been Prime Minister for just over two months; Mr. Eisenhower has entered into his second term, and since, according to a recent amendment to the American Constitution, no President can hold office for more than two terms, it is also his last term of office. A shadow was cast over Anglo-American relations by the Suez crisis, and it was on President Eisenhower's initiative that the meeting with our new Prime Minister was arranged. The hope has been generally expressed that the meeting will result in an improvement in Anglo-American relations and understanding.

Bermuda is a singularly appropriate place for such a meeting (Sir Winston Churchill met President Eisenhower there in 1953, together with the then French Prime Minister). There is an American naval and air base on the island, nearly three square miles, on lease for ninety-nine years, and Bermuda is dependent for its prosperity largely upon the American tourist trade. But Bermuda forms part of the British Commonwealth, and is one of our oldest colonies. It is older than the settlement made by the Pilgrim Fathers in New England and contains the oldest colonial House of Assembly or parliament in the British Commonwealth. Its settlement was accidental. Discovered originally by a Spaniard named Bermudez, it was rediscovered by Sir George Somers when in 1609 he was leading a naval expedition to Virginia. He and his flagship and a ship's company of 150 men, women, and children were wrecked off Bermuda, which they found to be inhabited exclusively by wild hogs and turtles. After enjoying a large meal of turtles' eggs and 'good old sow belly' washed down with somewhat dubious water, the party set to and built new wooden ships with which they continued their way to Virginia. When they reached Virginia they found the inhabitants half-starving, and Sir George volunteered to return to Bermuda to fetch supplies. Here he died, apparently of an excess of pork; his heart and entrails were buried there and his body returned to his native Dorset. Throughout the seventeenth century (at the end of which it became a crown colony) it was known as the Somers Islands.

Bermuda, or the Bermudas, consists of some 300 tiny islands, many of them coral atolls covered with cedar trees, of which about twenty are inhabited. The entire area is twenty-two square miles, or about one-eighth of the size of Rutland. The capital, Hamilton, has a population of about 3,000. The islands are linked by bridges and causeways. In the old days the settlers prospered by growing tobacco and engaging in buccaneering. Later Bermuda became an important centre of sea transport. But in modern times it has become essentially a pleasure resort, which enjoys balmy nights, glassy seas, and beautiful coloured birds, and where the foremost export is the Easter lily. Golf courses and surf bathing are among its attractions, and though hotel charges are made in dollars, and it is plainly Americanised, cricket is still a popular native pursuit in this distant outpost of the British Empire. It is not, as sometimes erroneously stated, part of the West Indies or a member of the new Caribbean Federation. It is an Atlantic island, linked geographically and historically to the erstwhile American colonies, primarily a cosmopolitan holiday resort and an American base: a bright and subtle meeting place, at which the political and economic future of mankind will be discussed by two of the leading statesmen of the civilised world.

ON MARCH 15, the anniversary of the Hungarian revolution of 1848, after a wave of arrests and stringent precautions against popular demonstrations, the Kadar regime celebrated the Day of Freedom. The ceremonies were held in private, with approaches to Kossuth Square sealed off and strong Soviet armed units patrolling the streets of Budapest. Under this heavy shield of Russian arms, Mr. Kallai made a speech at the gala in the Opera House. He said:

Whatever may be claimed by the reactionaries, we dare to state openly on this day that the working Hungarian people has enclosed in its heart for all time to come the great liberating deed of the Soviet Union. They will never forget that, apart from liberating us, it kept loyal watch in the interests of our national independence and freedom as a true friend and ally. It did the same now again when our popular state power, and the independence of our fatherland, were gravely threatened by the sinister forces of the counter-revolution. The internationalism of the Socialist States has again stood the test brilliantly. It has been proved once again that in the time of peril every friendly country can count on the Soviet Union, as upon the aid and support of a loyal brother.

A few days earlier a Budapest transmission quoted an article in *Magyarország* which, in common with the press in other satellite countries and in the Soviet Union, attacked Yugoslav policy. The article not only objected to the Yugoslav interpretation of events in Hungary, thus ignoring the 'common line' adopted by 'our sister parties' in other socialist countries as a result of being 'fully briefed' by Hungarian party leaders. Another 'very dangerous fallacy' of the Yugoslavs was to equate 'the aggressive imperialist bloc' with the Warsaw Pact. This Hungarian article followed an article in *Pravda*, broadcast from Moscow radio, which attacked in particular the Yugoslav Foreign Minister's recent speech. He was said to have attempted 'to undermine the socialist camp' by arguing that it was the establishment of two military blocs which had split the world into two camps. While the Yugoslav leaders were trying to make out that Yugoslavia was opposed to blocs, she was herself a party to the Balkan Pact, 'which is known to include some of the Nato bloc countries'. The Yugoslav Foreign Minister had also voiced the 'monstrous and outrageous blasphemy' that Stalinism had done incomparably more harm to socialism than all 'imperialist conspiracies' together:

Such a comparison is nothing but an abject attempt somehow to rehabilitate the subversive activities of the imperialists and to cast aspersions on the Soviet Union and the cause of socialism in general.

The Yugoslav Foreign Minister's failure to condemn the intrigues of the imperialists who had 'flooded the world with blood' since the last war reflected 'a definite ideological position', and not a Marxist-Leninist one. Replies in the Yugoslav press to this *Pravda* article were broadcast by Belgrade radio. *Borba* was quoted as regretting that *Pravda* had 'tendentiously distorted' Mr. Popovic's speech without publishing what he actually said, and had shown itself 'incapable of calm discussion'. The Soviet article had shown clearly that it attacked Yugoslav policy 'because Yugoslavia does not want to join the camp'. Its thesis that socialism could not be built outside the camp was 'absurd'. Another Yugoslav broadcast spoke of the widespread campaign designed to compromise the Yugoslavs in the eyes of public opinion in the U.S.S.R. and eastern Europe. So long as 'the illusion' persisted that Yugoslavia would one day join the socialist camp, comment had been friendly, but as soon as such hopes turned out to be futile all this had 'fundamentally changed'.

According to *Neuer Weg*, quoted from East Germany, a searching enquiry was to be made into the political attitude of university staffs and students, in order to eradicate confusion and wavering caused by events in Poland and Hungary, and crush all liberal tendencies. On March 14 the East German radio broadcast the text of the agreement signed in Berlin on the future status of Soviet troops in East Germany. They were allegedly to be prohibited from interfering in the country's internal affairs, except to eliminate any threat to their security.

On March 16 Moscow radio announced a Soviet Government proposal for an all-European Organisation for Economic Co-operation, to deal, among other things, with the use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. The Soviet statement attacked the existing plans for Euratom and a Common Market as schemes designed to intensify the existing division of Germany and of Europe.



Castle Howard, Yorkshire, designed by Sir John Vanbrugh

'Country Life'

Did You Hear That?

THE STORY OF CASTLE HOWARD

'CASTLE HOWARD', said JULIA GREENWOOD in the North of England Home Service, 'was the creation of a genius, that charming, witty, and wholly likeable playwright, Captain John Vanbrugh.

'Among other things, Vanbrugh talked brilliantly of architecture to his friends, the great Whig lords. He used to dash off racy little sketches of palaces and castles, so weighty and bold, and yet so cunningly lightened by his arrangement of these great blocks of stone and by their ornamentation with domes, towers, statues and urns, that the lords were entranced—particularly the young Earl of Carlisle. So enthusiastic was he, that though he had sent a famous architect, Talman, to Yorkshire to draw up designs for a new house, he called the whole plan off. With sublime confidence he engaged the wholly inexperienced Vanbrugh as his architect—a man who had so far done nothing but talk and doodle castles.

'But although Lord Carlisle was a poet, and was in love with his idea of a castle on a hill-top, he was still practical enough to express doubts about the difficulty of warming it. The front door faced due north and opened into a hall reminiscent of St. Paul's Cathedral. Was this to be a cave of ice beneath its sunny dome? Nor was he very happy about the open arcade, also facing north, through which the family had to pass to reach their bedrooms. There was also a corridor 200 feet long. Would it draw draughts?

'Only in the matter of the open arcade did Vanbrugh climb down, and agree to fill it in and make a corridor. The rooms of Castle Howard, Vanbrugh later insisted, had turned out to be as warm as ovens, as for draughts "there is not air enough in motion to stir the flame of a candle".

'Fifteen, twenty years slipped by. The centre building and the east wing had long been built, but the west wing and the stable block were as yet on paper. The Earl had become more interested in laying out the grounds. Already he had an avenue four miles in length with a mighty obelisk halfway down it. Now there was made "the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon" (at least that was how Horace Walpole saw it). A temple rose, and one wit noted that there was also growing up "a small plantation of young obelisks".

'Then Vanbrugh died, and the extremely experienced but self-effacing Nicholas Hawksmoor, Vanbrugh's assistant, quietly went on building a magnificent mausoleum in the Vanbrugh manner, in which the Earl was laid to rest. Still there was no west wing, until Sir Thomas

Robinson began to build the one we see today. This is a plain, strong piece of reality added to a castle which is at best superb, and at worst shows the price one must pay for employing genius—a little inconvenience, some ridicule, and £78,000'.

'I SHIVER AND SHAKE'

'Going to sea', said BOB ROBERTS in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', 'conjures up in many a young lad's mind a picture of tropical lands, strange people, Atlantic rollers, and round-the-world romance. But our way of going to sea is a more homely sort of seafaring, closely linked with everyday life on shore.

'The coasters have always been part and parcel of life in East Anglia, because on this coast we have many tidal creeks and rivers, some navigable for considerable distances inland, and our sheltered estuaries make natural harbours for small craft. So millers, merchants, and farmers here have always found that water transport is the easiest and most economical way of shifting bulk cargoes like wheat crops, beet sugar, coal, cattle feed, and so on. Is it any wonder that throughout East Anglia you find that a favourite name for waterside taverns is the Plough and Sail, where farmer and sailor meet in the course of their daily labours?

'The little coasters and barges also bring down from London goods from abroad which the big ships cannot bring any nearer than the River Thames. Our ports—King's Lynn, Boston, Wisbech, Wells (a part of the past now), Yarmouth, Ipswich, and Colchester—depend almost entirely on the little coasting craft, although they do occasionally harbour bigger ships from the Baltic and Spain. On our east coast there are families of seamen who have been on the coast for generations. Often fathers and sons carry on in the same ships, one taking over from the other as the years go by. (Names like Wadhams, Willie, Roberts, Rands, Polly, Finch, and Farthing you will find in more than one coastwise trader bringing cargoes to the East Anglian rivers.) Everyone knows everyone. You can stroll into a quayside tavern and ask the landlord: "Seen anything of Charlie lately?" "Yes", he might say, "I hear he was unloading at Lynnon Monday and expected to be back here for the weekend. Young Jimmy in the *Ethel* went up to Norwich with wheat yesterday, and his father's got orders for Keadby to load for Colchester".

'To be a coasting seaman you need a great store of local knowledge



Death's Head hawk moth

L. H. Newman

which the deep-sea man never has the opportunity to acquire—how and when to get into little holes and havens where perhaps there is only a solitary wharf at the back of a marsh. (I used to trade to one such place where our bow rope had to be made fast to a stone post in the backyard of a pub, and my mate was for ever trotting ashore to make sure that it was safe. It used to take him about three-quarters of an hour to inspect this particular bowline but I noticed that he always came back looking a lot happier.)

A true coasterman needs to know all the rather terrifying short cuts inside sandbanks and shoals where the swirling tide and broken water would scare the daylights out of a deep-sea skipper. But after serving your time you get a sort of coasting mentality, and skippers are able to tackle the narrow and tricky channels in all weathers, dark or daylight. Sometimes there is not time to use a chart or even a lead line. The safety of the ship then depends entirely on the skipper's knowledge and judgement.

You may have heard of that old and classic tale of master mariners being entertained at a banquet. By chance the captain of one of our great passenger liners was placed next to one of us (a rather rough-and-ready member of the coasting fraternity), and the liner captain asked the coasterman if he knew the sextant. The coasting skipper replied that he couldn't remember a pub of that name although he'd had a pint in most of them from the Tyne to Truro. So the liner captain, somewhat taken aback, said: "Well, what on earth do you do when you lose sight of the land?"

"Same as you fellows when you see land—I shiver and shake".

THE INVASION LAST AUTUMN

'In the old days', said L. HUGH NEWMAN in a talk in the Home Service, 'ignorant people in Europe used to be afraid of the Death's Head moth. They thought it was a bad omen to find one; because of the skull marks it was said to foretell all kinds of disasters like pestilence, and famine, and even war.'

'Every year a few Death's Heads fly over to England from the Continent, usually early in the summer, and on an average nine or ten are seen and recorded. But last September they came in swarms and they spread out all over the country.'

'Death's Heads were picked up all along the south and south-east coasts, sitting on break-waters, huddled in the porches of seaside houses, and in sheds and gardens. When you realise that these were just chance finds, and that people did not deliberately search the beaches for them, it is obvious that a great many more must have been there as well. For every moth that was seen, dozens and even hundreds must have been missed. These big migrations usually take place at night when the chances of anybody noticing the moths at all are very small. Nearly all the Death's Heads that were found seemed to be in an exhausted condition, as if they had

travelled a long way, and most of them died soon afterwards. But even though they were exhausted, they did not stop when they crossed the coast. The invasion went on, and the moths continued their journey, spreading out all over the country, both to the west and to the north, right up to the northernmost part of Scotland, and even to the Scottish Isles, reaching the Outer Hebrides.

'Several Death's Heads were found in towns. One was picked up in Derby, another in a busy shopping street in Bath, and one even in London. I heard from a gentleman who described how he was hurrying along Victoria Street, in London, when he saw something crawling on the pavement, and when he bent down to look closer, he found to his astonishment that it was a Death's Head.

'Why did these moths come here like this last autumn? That is a question nobody can answer. There was obviously something about the weather at the beginning of September which encouraged migration. Many birds crossed the Channel then as well, and also a number of *Convolvulus Hawk* moths. The Death's Head breeds in Africa and in the Middle East where its caterpillars can find food all the year round. It is a moth that has the instinct to migrate, and there was obviously a migration in the early part of the summer and just a few of those travellers came to England. The rest probably bred in France, and most naturalists think that the big September invasion consisted of moths that had been bred in France and continued the northward journey their parents had begun'.

EXPOSURES AND THEIR BACKGROUND

'We have always been great ones in the West Riding of Yorkshire for having our photographs taken', said ANNE BRADLEY in 'The North-countryman'. 'It goes right back to the eighteen-fifties, when it was discovered that any number of prints could be made from a single negative. That put the possession of a photograph within everybody's reach, and it became the thing to make a collection of your relations down to the remotest cousin. Eighty years ago there would scarcely be a Yorkshire home without its family album.'

'The small-town photographer of those days had to be a man of imagination. He had to be able to fix up a setting that would please each separate sitter, all for the outlay of a couple of backcloths and a few stage properties. I have a photograph of my grandfather taken in Sowerby Bridge in 1860—he was twenty then. He was a handloom weaver and lived in a cottage on the moors, and I think he must have been "reight suited" with this picture of himself seated amid the trappings of a Victorian drawing room. He has a tuning fork in one hand and a volume of music in the other—to show that he was the leader of the singing pew in chapel.'

'Having your likeness taken was a serious business. There were whispers of fumes and rays. No snapshots, of course. Exposures were so lengthy—half an hour has been recorded—that sometimes the victim had to have his head supported by an iron clamp.'

'There is a portrait of the father of the family, one hand in the bosom of his coat and the other resting on the back of a velvet-covered chair. Behind him is a magnificent bookcase with rows of classics in suspiciously regular array. Mother, taken next, has the same chair, but a velvet curtain makes a more feminine background than all those books. The son stands with his legs elegantly crossed, leaning on a carved table with a clock under a glass dome. The daughters, taken in a bunch from motives of economy, hold white roses to proclaim their Yorkshire birth.'

'The holiday photographer had a different approach. Nobody wanted to be taken in a marble hall when they were spending a week by the sea. My favourite picture shows three people in a boat near a lighthouse. Waves thirty feet high dash against the rocks but the young couple are quite unconcerned. The chaperon certainly has put up her parasol. It is only when you look closely that you notice that the waves are just a bit wooden.'

'From Douglas comes a group of young women in voluminous dresses with high collars, the teenagers of the eighties. They are aboard a yacht, very well suggested by lockers and rigging and a stormy sky. One, no doubt the type of girl apt to go to extremes, is leaning realistically towards the rail.'

'There is an odd thing about the properties in these photographs, clocks, music, boats, and all. Not one of the sitters is taking the slightest notice of them. Even the two young bloods on holiday at Ramsay, trying out an unwieldy wooden bicycle, gaze sternly towards the horizon'.

Style and Vision in Art—I

ERIC NEWTON, in the first of five talks, discusses families of styles

THAT distinguished art historian, Heinrich Wölfflin once said: 'In the drawing of a mere nostril we can recognise the essential character of a style'. It is the kind of remark Sherlock Holmes might have made. One can imagine Wölfflin, if he were living today, warming to his theme: 'My dear Watson, I think we shall find that this particular nostril was drawn by an artist called Picasso in 1937 and that he was deeply disturbed at the time he drew it by recent events in the Spanish civil war'.

Wölfflin had an exceptionally acute eye for such clues. My own method in this enquiry into the meaning of the word 'style' as applied to the visual arts, and to painting in particular, will be cruder—more Watsonian. Also, I am less interested in detection than in description. What I hope to describe is the connection between the artist and his style, between the producer and the product. And today we all know, in our simple Watsonian way, that the connection goes deep. Like a tone of voice, or like handwriting, the drawing of that nostril is part of the artist himself. It had to be drawn just so. The gesture of the hand that drew it was largely instinctive. Only to a very limited degree does an artist make conscious decisions about his style. Style is not a manufactured article: it is the outward manifestation of—of what? That is the first question I want to answer.

I propose to answer it provisionally and unscientifically by saying: 'Style is the outward manifestation of the artist's temperament'. It is an incomplete answer and we shall certainly be forced to modify it later. It is also a rather sloppy answer because I do not know (nor do you) the precise meaning of the word 'temperament'. The only way to find out would be to ask a psychologist and I mistrust psychologists when they turn their attention to art.

I tend to believe them when they explain the symptoms of a neurosis, but they are ill equipped to speak of the drawing of a nostril.

Provisionally, then, let us say that certain kinds of artists tend to make certain kinds of marks with their brush or pencil and that there is a deep and inescapable connection between the man and the mark he makes.

What concerns us is the nature of the connection. Imagine an artist about to paint a picture. Perhaps he has been asked to do so by a patron who has

named the subject matter—'The Last Supper', 'Venus and Adonis', 'The Park at Petworth', anything—or perhaps something left lying on his own kitchen table has excited him. At that moment what happens inside him is roughly as follows. The idea of the Last Supper, or the Park at Petworth, or the kitchen table begins to take shape not in his

mind, but in his mind's eye. An image forms, vague and incomplete and certainly not a replica of the picture he is going to paint, yet it contains the germ of the work of art as yet unborn. It has a flavour—the flavour of what I have loosely called his temperament. It bears no resemblance at all to a photograph for it contains only what interests him, and we know very well that a camera, having no temperament, is incapable of being interested, cannot select, cannot intensify, can only record.

The difference is enormous. Briefly, a photograph of, say, a cathedral is an objective description, whereas a painting of that same building is a subjective interpretation. The photograph tells us a great deal about the cathedral: the painting tells us far less about the cathedral but far more about the artist. It may tell us, for example, that he was not interested in the detail of the Gothic carving but was fascinated by the play of light on it at a given moment.

This image in the mind's eye of the artist is, in an almost literal sense, a link between his temperament and his as yet unpainted picture. However vague the mental image may be, it isolates, in visual terms, the essence of what he is going to communicate. If he were a composer, the same sort of thing would happen in his mind's ear. That image is the artist's vision, the intangible equivalent of his style, the half-way house between his temperament and the final work of art. It is the flavour of that vision that determines the flavour of his style. For example, Raphael's vision of a Last

Supper would be remarkably similar in flavour to his vision of a kitchen table: and Raphael's vision of, say, an artist at work would bear no resemblance at all to the same subject as envisaged by Picasso.

Paul Klee once compared a work of art to the foliage of a tree, which draws its nourishment from the soil in which it grows. The foliage bears no physical resemblance to the soil, yet its vigour, as Klee pointed out, is dependent on the soil. Another kind of tree would have produced different foliage from the same soil. Another kind of



Examples in portraiture of the three basic stylistic families: Classicism: detail from 'Mlle Rivière', by Ingres—



—Romanticism: detail from 'Dr. Gachet', by Van Gogh—



—and Realism: 'Head of an Old Lady' (? Françoise van Wasserhoven), by Rembrandt
By courtesy of the National Gallery

artist would have produced a different work of art from the same model—or the same visual experience. That simile of Klee's is surely the final answer to the kind of person who complains that a picture often bears little resemblance to what was in front of the artist's eye when he painted it.

Stamp of the Artist's Personality

The point hardly seems worth labouring; yet it is of the first importance. The mental picture conjured up by a given artist of a man or a tree or a table, or even a set of abstract shapes that represent nothing at all, inevitably bears the stamp of his personality. And when he translates the mental picture into a painted picture he produces something that has an unmistakable personal style. The whole inexhaustible world of men, trees and shapes is at his disposal, but out of it he only manages to isolate the fragment he can make his own. In doing so he confesses his limitations. Yet, fragment though it is, he makes it precious by isolating it.

Style, then, makes precious what it isolates: and at that point in our argument we touch the fringes of psychology. For when we come to examine these outward manifestations of human personality we discover—and it is not a surprising discovery—that there are families of temperaments and therefore families, categories, of styles. 'Families' is perhaps the better word of the two since 'categories' implies a set of watertight compartments sealed off from each other which is the last impression I want to give about the divisions between one painterly style and another. But for the sake of neatness in this preliminary reconnaissance I suggest that, however much intermarriage may take place between stylistic families, we can begin by dividing them into three groups: Classicism, Romanticism, and Realism.

Later in this series of talks I shall define and sub-divide each group in turn. But at the moment please note that they confront us for the first time with that significant suffix '-ism' which bulks so large in the vocabulary of art critics and art historians. Every writer whose aim is to evaluate and whose method is to analyse is eventually forced to use technical terms with more or less agreed meanings. The trouble with art criticism today is that it is usually read, and I am afraid not infrequently written, by people not completely familiar with those meanings. Nothing is more irritating than the constant recurrence of abstract nouns whose precise meaning is not clear. No wonder the reader complains that he is being subjected to jargon. We all know, or think we know, what is meant by 'real' or 'romantic': but 'realism' and 'romanticism' are more elusive. More elusive still are 'surrealism', 'expressionism', 'cubism', 'mannerism', to take a few of such terms at random. In later talks I shall come to close quarters with them, but here I am attempting a bird's-eye view. Meanwhile, let anyone who complains that critics use too much jargon imagine what would happen if technical terms were abolished—if one had to write 'furnished with a spinal column' instead of 'vertebrate', or 'pigment applied to a moist plaster surface, and allowed to dry' instead of 'fresco'.

Three Major Human Temperaments

Let me return to my three major stylistic families, behind which lie three major human temperaments. A bird's-eye reconnaissance need say no more about them than that the Classic temperament tries to discover the unifying law which underlies the multiplicity of life, the normal behind the infinite variations from normality, the general behind the particular; that the Romantic temperament emphasises the abnormal, the evocative, the strange or the improbable; and that the Realist is content with life as it is, accepting it gladly without wanting to idealise it or to emotionalise it.

At this point, and just for the sake of giving three concrete examples, consider the three portraits reproduced on the previous page. One might have assumed that the obligation, imposed on the artist by portraiture, to be more or less factual would have conflicted with the full expression of his temperament. Yet manifestly Ingres has suppressed all those accidents that would have emphasised the character of Mlle. Rivière and has turned her head into an egg-like geometrical solid and her neck into a smooth column. Van Gogh's playful romanticism hardly needs pointing out. Both artists have distorted the visible facts because they were not content with what their eyes saw. Rembrandt, on the other hand, has been supremely content with what his eyes reported. Indeed, he has been more than content. He has been thrilled.

In risking that rough definition of Realism as a complete acceptance of life as it is have I contradicted myself? To suggest that style isolates

a single aspect of life or attitude to life and then to say that Realism accepts life as it is does sound rather inconsistent. It might suggest that the Realist, like the camera, has no comments to make and is merely a recorder. If temperament were the only factor, I admit I would have contradicted myself. The realist artist would be engaged in a foolish and vain attempt to beat the camera at its own game.

But temperament is not the only factor. It accounts for a good deal. It accounts for the fact that what I have called the three chief temperamental styles keep cropping up again and again in art history. For example, Raphael in the late fifteenth century, Poussin in the seventeenth, Ingres at the beginning of the nineteenth, and Seurat at the end of it, all insisted on making grand generalisations about life; consequently they can all claim to belong to the Classic family. But it does not account for the fact that each of them bears the stamp of the century in which he lived. Each is a product of his period: in each, the Classic flavour common to them all appears in a different guise. Perhaps Ingres could see no difference between himself and Raphael, or perhaps when he painted the head of the Madonna I have already referred to, he thought he was improving on Raphael. We, in the mid-twentieth century, cannot see him in those terms. Both painters, it is true, looked for the ideal behind the accidental, but how different those ideals were! Our only way of accounting for the difference is to say that they are not differences of temperament but of period.

Period Vision and Personal Vision

I am certain that Wölfflin, who wrote that sentence about being able to discover 'the essential character of a style in the drawing of a nostril' as long ago as 1915, would be puzzled by my insistence on temperament as a deciding factor. Wölfflin certainly thought of a style as something that belonged almost exclusively to its period. Today we are apt to think more in terms of psychology and less in terms of history. Yet in one sense Wölfflin was right. Period vision is easier to detect than personal vision. Art historians have developed a sort of detective eye that can tell at a glance that a given picture was painted not merely in a given century but in a given decade. All the same, the similarity of style between pictures by different painters working in the same area at the same moment does seem to need explaining.

In theory it is surprising that artists, whom we are apt to think of as pioneers, each ploughing his own lonely furrow, should be so easily influenced by each other. But in practice we discover that they follow each other like sheep. Occasionally, and at widely spaced intervals of time, some great innovator appears—a Giotto or an El Greco—who seems to break away from the restricting shackles of his age and whose personality rises above his environment; but it happens rarely. In general the mental image that forms itself in the artist's mind's eye before he begins to paint is conditioned more by the paintings he is familiar with than by the world around him which he is presumably attempting to interpret in his art. Those familiar labels under so many paintings in our museums, 'Venetian School: early 16th century', or 'French School of the 18th century', are evidence of the process. Period labels are common. Temperamental labels—'Unknown Romantic', or 'Anonymous Expressionist'—are never seen.

This indelible stamp of the period can, of course, be explained. It is natural that in the studio of an important artist, or in the art school under a forceful teacher, the apprentice or the student will acquire habits of eye whatever his habit of mind may be. The pupil's natural devotion to his master will see to it that he imitates his master. But the roots of period-style go deeper than mere imitativeness. Habits of mind spring from personal temperament. It is the artist's mind that decides whether reason or emotion, Classicism or Romanticism, is to guide him when he makes his extract from the world he lives in. But what I am calling habits of eye do not belong to him from birth. They are acquired. And they are acquired by a process of contagion. Two contemporary painters with utterly different emotional equipments can, and often do, easily develop almost identical visual habits. That phrase 'visual habits' is worth examining.

We must think of the artist, as we did before, as still making an extract from the infinite variety of nature, but this time it is an extract based not on what he feels but on what he observes, and on how he observes it. He is concerned, let us say, with the human figure. He can, according to his temperament, make it ethereal and weightless, like El Greco; or earthy and robust, like Rubens; or virile, like Michelangelo; or sinuous, like Boticelli; or radiant, like Renoir; but he must first have seen it as it is. Before making his temperamental comment on it he must have looked at it. Before using his imagination

he must have used his eyes. And in the very act of looking he makes another kind of extract—a purely visual extract based on the way of looking that belongs to his period. That way of looking he can never escape, however original or courageous he may be. To put it in a nutshell, he does not merely see, he looks.

Selecting the Relevant

The difference is important. Perhaps I can make it clearer if I remind you of the similar difference between hearing and listening. You go to a concert. Your ears are assailed by sounds of all kinds—coughing, rustling of programmes, often the noise of traffic in the street outside—all of which you cannot help hearing. But what you listen to is the music. The physical ear receives: the mind selects. Hearing is a physiological process: listening implies attention and rejection. In just the same way to see is merely to use the mechanism of the eye and the retina. To look is to look for: and to look for is almost invariably to find—to select, from the mass of evidence that pours in continually through the eye, just what seems interesting or relevant.

As one studies the history of painting it becomes clear that what is interesting and relevant to one generation becomes boring and irrelevant to another. In my next talk I shall explain in detail how and why that happens, but to take one instance: in the third quarter of the fifteenth century in Florence the artist's eye (and Botticelli is a supreme example) had the habit of pouncing on edges, seeking out and dwelling on the boundary lines of an arm or a foot, and therefore his paintings and those of his contemporaries owe their whole meaning to the sheer beauty of modulated line. Twenty-five years later that linear excitement had died down. Michelangelo was looking just as intensely at the human body as his predecessors had done, but he was not looking for its edges. The magic of the contour had been exhausted. It had become uninteresting and irrelevant. What Michelangelo looked for was the volume, the structure of what was contained within those edges. An arm could no longer be described by two lines, however sensitive. An arm was now primarily a thing of weight and volume. The differences between the two approaches—and they are only two out of a thousand possible approaches, as we shall see later—is a difference of vision, though the critic can only refer to it as a difference of style.

The point about both is that each is an aspect of the truth. Neither of them is the whole truth, but each of them is a truth. It might be thought that both could be combined to make a better work of art than either artist did, in fact, achieve; and that the finest work of art would, in theory, combine so many aspects of the truth that one could almost say that it had presented us with the whole truth. Yet not even in theory can even two aspects be combined.

One might think that the camera, that machine which proverbially cannot lie, could include all possible visual information in its objective report on the facts of life. So, in one sense, it does, and in doing so presents us with a dead thing. Let me repeat: 'Style makes precious what it isolates'. It isolates what excites the artist: equally important, it omits what leaves the artist unmoved and unexcited. But the camera, incapable alike of enthusiasm and boredom, can achieve nothing but accuracy. What it tells us is, as the phrase goes, 'dead right'—and the operative word in that phrase is 'dead'. The photograph can give us everything except the excitement of the chase and the preciousness of the capture. It has no vision and therefore no style.

Genius within Categories

I hope I have now made it clear that the temperamental habit of mind and the period habit of eye perpetually intersect to form an almost infinite number of new styles, each of which records the artist's experience. Certain of those records seem to me to reveal man's soul as something almost without limit in grandeur or in intensity, and doubtless I shall be tempted to indulge in gushing enthusiasm when I come across them in these talks. But I propose to remind myself and my listeners that we are not primarily concerned with grandeur or intensity. Our concern is with categories of expression, families of styles. Genius will certainly occur within each category, but the categories themselves are still our main concern whether they are vehicles for genius or mere talent.

Now that I have outlined the general framework into which the different families of artistic styles are fitted, we are in a position to group them together, relate them to each other, reduce the families to sub-families and the genera to species, and trace the birth and decay and sometimes the re-birth of styles. For my three main temperamental

styles, Classic, Romantic, and Realist, are always capable of reappearing in a new period guise—and yet, not quite always. For there are periods in which certain temperaments find it impossible to breathe freely. Your true Classicist, for example, can only flourish in a climate that is favourable to Classicism. Such an age was the late fifteenth century in central Italy, when a sense of the physical, material beauty of man's body was so deeply ingrained in every artist's consciousness that it had become almost a religious cult: and the means whereby that beauty could be expressed in art had been so thoroughly explored that it had almost been reduced to a mathematical formula. In such an age, Romanticism, which loved the strange and welcomed the macabre, was an almost impossible programme.

Yet in northern Europe, two centuries earlier, Romanticism of a kind was almost the only workable programme. The medieval world, with its heavenward gaze, its spiritual aspirations, its scorn or fear of the beauty of man's body, which again was rooted in religion, could hardly conceive of the meaning of the word 'Classic', still less of the word 'Realist'. To the mystic, the language of realism is not merely useless, it would nullify everything he had to say, every message he wished to communicate. But it could easily find the visual equivalent of mysticism in the vertical rhythms and gesticulating restless skylines of a Gothic cathedral. At such moments, temperament and period seem to exert their full force in the same direction. The stylistic current runs strongly, magnificently confident of itself.

Stylistic Programmes

One last note about families of styles. What I have said so far might give the impression that the artist himself is a kind of unconscious medium for style, a mere mouthpiece through which the human soul and the Muse of History combine to make pronouncements of various kinds. At certain times that may have been roughly true. But art is by no means always a product of intuition. Frequently, especially in recent centuries, artists have consciously formed themselves into groups and consciously have drawn up for themselves a stylistic programme. 'This', they say, 'is how we propose to paint. We will create a style instead of allowing it to evolve'. Not all the technical terms that end in -ism have been invented by critics after the event. The term 'Impressionism' was invented by its hostile critics. To be content to record a mere Impression seemed to them laughable and absurd. The terms 'Surrealism' and 'Futurism' were invented by the artists themselves, consciously and rather defiantly, as though to announce that a minor revolution had broken out and that its signature tune was a style that would have to be imposed on an unwilling public. Other terms, like 'Cubism', just 'grew' like Topsy. They are still growing. I collected, only a few months ago, another—perhaps the silliest on my list—'Tubism', which seems to mean no more than squeezing oil paint on to canvas out of a tube.

I will add what I hope is a reassuring note at the end of this introductory bird's-eye view. In the remaining four talks we must come down to earth and use a more detailed method. But by that I do not mean that I am going to compile for you a dictionary of critical jargon. Behind the -ism is a style; behind the style a vision; behind the vision a human being or a group of human beings. It is they who must occupy the foreground. The -isms are the gestures they make: gestures worth defining and describing as precisely as is possible or convenient, but only because they explain the men who made them and are still making them.—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. has published an illustrated pamphlet, price 2s. 6d., in connection with Mr. Newton's talks. It may be obtained through newsagents and booksellers or post free from B.B.C. Publications ('Style and Vision'), 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. Crossed postal-orders, not stamps, should be enclosed.

The latest publication of the Folio Society (70 Brook Street, London, W.1) is *The Canterbury Tales* (in two volumes, 19s. 6d. each) by Geoffrey Chaucer, translated into modern English by Nevill Coghill, with woodcuts by Edna Whyte.

A new edition of Miss Rose Macaulay's *Fabled Shore* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), first published eight years ago, is now available. Miss Macaulay's journey took her down the long Mediterranean coast line of Spain from the Pyrenees to the Pillars of Hercules and then along the southern edge of Portugal to Cape St. Vincent.

Art

Wyndham Lewis, the Vorticist

By WILLIAM ROBERTS

TO reach the period of my friendship with Wyndham Lewis I must go back to the years that range from 1914 to 1920, to the years of the Vorticists and the first War Artists. When I think of Lewis it is not the blind and aged artist that I picture, for that figure I never knew, but a Lewis in his prime, alert eyed, with an assurance and provocative swagger in his bearing. And still today, across this long stretch of time, I always recall, as I pass down Fitzroy Street, where 'The Great English Vortex' was once so active, Lewis' tall form in heavy overcoat and grey sombrero, with scarf flung flamboyantly over one shoulder, striding along, the broad shoulders tilted slightly, like a boxer advancing to meet an opponent. In a sense, acquaintanceship with Wyndham Lewis was like a contest, in which you came out of your corner fighting—and the best man won.

It was my association with Roger Fry and the Omega Workshop that drew the attention of Lewis in my direction, and which was also the reason I was invited one evening in the spring of 1914 to join him in an *apéritif* at the Swiss in Soho. Early in 1915 Lewis came to live at 18 Fitzroy Street, occupying the top flat in which Augustus John had begun his married life years before. Upon the landing, a relic of the past, still hung the gate put there to prevent John's children from falling downstairs. Lewis stayed at No. 18 until he joined the army at the end of the year. Vorticism had already begun some months earlier with the appearance of the first—magenta, puce, or pink—*Blast*, whilst Lewis was living in Percy Street. In his new residence, high up on the fourth floor, the paintings for the Vorticist show at the Doré Gallery were carried out; here much of his first novel *Tarr* was written—this bulky manuscript packed in a small *attaché* case accompanied him everywhere, to restaurants, even to the cinema. A second number of *Blast*—black and white—was published; and some last attempts made by Helen Saunders and Jessie Dismorr, with painted candlesticks and match-box-holders, to drive the Omega, round the corner in Fitzroy Square, out of business.

Lewis' flat was the meeting place of the Vorticists; here we assembled on Saturday afternoons usually, about tea-time; Wadsworth, Etchells, Ezra Pound and the rest, together with others, supporters of the 'Movement', such as Ford-Maddox-Heuffer and Violet Hunt. A regular *habitué* was Guy Baker the possessor of a large collection of Lewis' drawings. Frequently these Vorticist teas would be followed by a 'Group' dinner; then the party headed by the flaming red-haired Ezra Pound would make for L'Etoile or L'Hotel de la Tour Eiffel.

In my memory *la cuisine Française* and Vorticism are indissolubly linked. Both Signor Rossi of the Etoile, and M. Rudolph Stulik of the Tour Eiffel should rank in the records of Vorticism as honorary members of the 'Group'. Lewis who liked good food, and fine wine to go with it, kept a ringed-serviette in each of these restaurants. If, as he claimed, Vorticism was the expression of a new philosophy, then it must be the newness of Rabelais, and of old Omar Khayyam's 'A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me singing. . .'. Nor was it developed in the gloom of a studio, but at the Tour Eiffel over a *tourne-dos* and a bottle of Burgundy.

The Blasting, Cursing, Damning and Blessing of the opening pages of our puce-coloured Manifesto have the gusto of a tavern song. When Lewis in the summer of 1915 decorated the small dining-room at the Tour Eiffel, that became known as the 'Vorticist Room', the proprietor M. Stulik, to use his own words, 'Gave Mr. Lewis *carte blanche*'. Lewis made full use of this; many of his friends joining him in this arrangement. Stulik liked artists, especially was he fond of Lewis; repeating to me often, in his Viennese accent, 'I would to anything for Mr. Lewis'.

A *Specialité de la Maison* at the Tour Eiffel was a confection Stulik called Gâteau St. Honoré. This was a large circular custard tart ornamented round its edge with big balls of pastry. Lewis was very partial to this *gâteau* and always took a second helping; he excused

himself one day for this, by repeating the remark Schopenhauer is reputed to have made: 'If you thought as much as I do, you would eat as much as I do'. Lord Kitchen-er's and Lord Derby's repeated appeals, backed by a couple of Zeppelin raids, made us realise a war was in progress and put an end for the time being to our art activities. The Garrison Artillery claimed Lewis; I became a Field Gunner, and Stulik went to an internment camp. Thus ended Vorticism.

After the battle interlude, the Eiffel again became our assembly point, but it no longer

resembled La Nouvelle Athènes of the Degas period; military uniforms and shaven chins had replaced the sombreros and beards. We were now Official War Artists. As a precaution against surprise night attacks from over-exuberant bohemians in uniform and their warrior companions, a small hole bored through the street door enabled Joe the waiter to inspect all late callers before admission. Lewis, who lived in Great Titchfield Street nearby, was a daily visitor to the restaurant. At this period, summer 1918, his novel *Tarr* was published.

In the two large war paintings he did as an Official Artist, Lewis made no attempt to depict the war in a Vorticist or abstract manner. The second of these, 'A Battery Shelled', here reproduced, shows only a cubistic treatment of the figures and landscape. This picture was painted during the winter of 1918 in his new studio at Notting Hill. When Lewis began to tackle this large picture, he asked my help in transferring his design on to the canvas. 'To this I agreed. But my method of working did not satisfy him. 'You have photographed it on to the canvas', he objected, adding: 'It looks like a Jacob Kramer!' Just how the slight pencil work I had done on the canvas could resemble a picture by Kramer and at the same time be photographic puzzled me. The painting was continued without my assistance. A few days later, when I called on Lewis, 'A Battery Shelled' was finished; it had been brushed in rapidly, Wadsworth serving as a model for the figures on the left of the scene. About 1920, following the swift collapse of Group X, Lewis, to use his own words, 'went underground'. Apart from a passing handshake at a chance meeting in the Lefevre Gallery in the summer of 1935, our paths never crossed again.

Volume 2 of *The Law in Action*, a series of broadcast talks, with a foreword by Sir Alfred Denning, is now published (Stevens, 10s.).



'A Battery Shelled' (1919), by Wyndham Lewis: in the Imperial War Museum

An Even More Cultured Roman

The last of three talks by ROBERT GRAVES

IN my last talk* I told how the Emperor Nero set out to be the greatest artist in the world. There were only two young men whom he ever consented to take as models. One was Petronius, the acknowledged authority on all matters of good taste. Nero had much the same frightened respect for Petronius as the Prince Regent is said to have had for Beau Brummell. I am convinced, by the way, though I cannot prove it, that 'Trimalchio', the rich freedman who gives a costly and wonderfully vulgar banquet in Petronius' novel *Satyricon*, was really Nero—though the caricature has been so deftly done and with such care not to use actual Neronianisms, but only made-up ones, that Nero would have thought twice before taking vengeance and thereby admitting that the cap fitted. Petronius got away with it for many years.

Nero's other model was a young Spanish-born Roman knight named Lucan, only two years older than himself, and Lucan had been given the best education then available at Rome (the family could afford it) and was something of an infant prodigy. Lucan's father had grown immensely rich as Comptroller of the Spanish revenues; and his uncle, the famous orator and playwright Seneca, had used his position as Nero's tutor to amass about £4,000,000 in gold by most questionable means. Nero admired Lucan's early poems so much that he gave him a big position at court. They lived on good terms for a while, until one day Nero announced the foundation of the Neronia, a festival of competitions in music, literature, gymnastics, and horsemanship, and Lucan entered a poem called 'Orpheus and Eurydice' for the Latin poetry prize.

This was a great mistake. Nero had reserved that prize for himself, as well as the prize for Latin oratory; and Lucan should have had the sense to submit his worst work rather than his best. The result was that, apart from Nero's trained claque of 5,000 young men, the theatre audience applauded 'Orpheus and Eurydice' far more loudly than Nero's own prize poem, though this did win the prize.

Lucan had not taken Nero seriously as his rival; he was busily concentrating on an attempt to outdo the poet Virgil, born 100 years previously. Before continuing the story of Lucan's trouble with Nero, I had better say a few words about Virgil. The Romans had much in common with the Spartans, the most famous lowbrows of antiquity, so that it was a long time before the decision to import rhetoric and poetry from the Greek cities in Italy was forced on them by politics. When the Republic needed diplomats to consolidate her conquests by cleverly playing off one enemy against another, the traditional virtue of blunt and bald speech came to be questioned. In ancient days, a Roman envoy might draw a circle around some enemy king with the ferrule of his staff and say: 'We offer peace at the price of 1,000,000 gold pieces, payable before the moon wanes. Accept these terms or die shamefully'. Not every king, however, could be overawed by this technique; and it began to be realised, from certain hard bargains driven by eloquent foreign ambassadors, that Rome had often involved herself in unnecessary fighting by a simple lack of suppleness and tact.

A few far-sighted senators decided to educate their sons as diplomats, much as they had once decided to challenge the Carthaginians at sea, though themselves wholly ignorant of naval tactics.

Although as late as 92 B.C. the censors published an edict against rhetorical schools, which they called 'nurseries of idleness', yet it is recorded two centuries later: 'Little by little, rhetoric came to seem useful and honourable, and many addicted themselves to it as a defence and for glory'—in fact, the diplomatic corps, by following the Roman principle 'Divide and conquer!', were worth many legions to the military establishment.

It became fashionable to study at Athens, the centre of Greek culture; and it was from Athens that Nero recalled Lucan to his court. The Roman student in Greece soon discovered that he could not hope to graduate as a diplomat unless he took a master's degree in rhetoric; and that rhetoric (the art of persuading an opponent by flattery, threats, or fraud to accept one's own proposition, however unsound) would help him to win elections and plead public causes with confidence, besides being a valuable aid to warfare. Yet before being allowed to declaim in the schools, the student had first to take the prescribed course in Homeric study and learn as much as possible of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart. This was essential, because the works of Homer had won such scriptural authority whenever disputes arose on history, geography, genealogy, religion, science, or morals that an apt quotation from 'the poet' (as he was simply called) clinched every argument, unless the opposing orator could contrive to cap it. Interest in poetry is said to have been first



A representation of Virgil in a Roman mosaic from Hadrumetum (now in the Musée Alaoui, Algeria): the poet is seated between two Muses and holds a scroll inscribed with a verse from the *Aeneid*

stirred at Rome, which so far had known only ballads and rough military marching songs, as the result of a typically Roman street-accident: Crates the Milesian, who was sent as an ambassador by King Attalus of Pergamus in 167 B.C., broke his leg falling into an uncovered sewer, and spent his convalescence giving lectures on poetry—meaning, of course, Homer. So the Greek hexameter, though at first almost as awkward in Latin as it is in English, became the main literary metre at Rome; and Ennius, the father of Latin poetry, adopted archaisms and invented verbal novelties to acclimatise it.

Because the object of the rhetorician's art (securely based on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*) was to persuade his hearers, regardless of truth, Roman students understood that Homer must have been a wonderful diplomat; from which it followed that, since one could not always know what special pleading had prompted the poet's lines, his art in concealing art should be all the more admired. The student worked industriously to rid himself of a natural preference for simple, practical language, and to outdo his professors in a passionate slipperiness of expression. So there are few things that read so ridiculously today as a literal translation of classical Latin verse.

When at last native literature could challenge Greek in all departments of prose-rhetoric, and in all departments of verse-rhetoric except the Homeric poems, it began to be asked at Rome: 'Why should we perpetually yield the epic palm to crabbed old Homer? Can't we find

and build up a Homer of our own?' They could. The choice inevitably fell on Virgil, who had shown such exquisite craftsmanship that the rhetorical object of his *Aeneid*, which was to glorify the divinely descended Caesars as destined rulers of the world, was pervasive without being patently offensive. The court lent Virgil strong support. He had scarcely set about his task before Sextus Propertius circulated an epigram proclaiming it 'greater than the *Iliad*', and a loyal Senate supplied much the same hearty glow of enthusiasm as leads patriotic Scots to rank Robbie Burns above William Shakespeare.

A Classic Overnight

Virgil's shyness, his literary perfectionism, his temperance, his idealism, his valetudinarianism, his avoidance of bawdy society, and his notorious passion for beautiful boys—which in those days could be gratified without loss of reputation—combine to make a recognisable picture. How exquisite the interior decorations of his house on the Esquiline (a gift from Augustus) must have been: especially the gilded bedrooms where sleep kissed the eyelids of Alexander and Cebes, his poetical boy-slaves! This Alexander, who appears as 'Alexis' in Virgil's *Bucolics*, had been a present from Asinius Pollio, the most enlightened man of his age.

Virgil became a classic overnight; and though Lucan, living five reigns later and brought up on *Arma virumque cano*, seems to have felt jealously resentful, he knew that it would be foolish to challenge Virgil in his own field. I suspect that he also disguised his jealousy by decrying Virgil as an effeminate old toady. He resolved to stop writing mythological fables in the approved Augustan style and to launch a modernist movement which would confine the *Aeneid* to the school-room, where it was obviously due to last as long as the Latin language itself.

A sophisticated reaction against Virgil had begun some twenty years before, when the Emperor Caligula nearly carried out his plan of suppressing Virgil's 'dull and uneducated' works; but an Augustan revival under Claudius gave them a reprieve, and Nero himself was a Virgilian.

Lucan is anti-Virgilian not only in his alternations between extravagance and realism, but in his deliberate neglect of traditional craftsmanship. The rhythms are monotonous; often words are clumsily reiterated before the memory of their first use has faded from the reader's ear; the argument is broken by irrelevant philosophical, geographical, or historical asides. Lucan also lacks religious conviction; he dwells lovingly on the macabre—his horror-comic witch, Erichtho, is about the nastiest creature in all European literature; he hates his time; and uses shamelessly ridiculous hyperboles. For instance, he makes the cranes of Thrace delay their winter migration to Egypt in order to gorge on Roman corpses at Pharsalus—though the battle of Pharsalus was not fought until the spring and though cranes are not carnivorous. Yet his occasional polished epigrams are highly serviceable in quotation:

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni: 'The conquering cause pleased the gods; the conquered pleased Cato'.

Nulla fides unquam miseros elegit amicos: 'Nobody ever chooses the already unfortunate as objects of loyal friendship'.

Metiri sua regna decet, viresque fateri: 'It is best to take stock of the resources at your command, and admit their inadequacy'.

Lucan may be called the father of yellow journalism, for his love of sensational details, his unprincipled reportage, and his disregard of continuity between today's and yesterday's rhetorical statements. He may also be called the father of the Hollywood costume-film. His *Civil Wars* epic, if you lop it of all digressive bombast, is a script which could be put almost straight on the floor. It consists of carefully chosen, cunningly varied, brutally sensational scenes, linked by a tenuous thread of historical probability; and alternated with soft interludes in which deathless courage, supreme self-sacrifice, memorable piety, Stoic virtue and wifely devotion are expected to win favour from the great sentimental box-office public.

Urgent Meeting of the Senate

But back to our story. When Lucan's 'Orpheus and Eurydice' was applauded at the Neronia Festival, Nero grew jealous and took his revenge at a poetry reading of the *Civil Wars* to which Lucan had invited him. Nero arrived with a large group of Senators, and when Lucan had got well into his stride, mouthing his formidable hexameters, rose suddenly to announce: 'I have decided to call an immediate meeting of the Senate on a matter of urgent public business! Come, my lords!' The Senators filed out, and Lucan, himself a Senator, had to follow. The reading was wrecked. Lucan thereupon revenged him-

self in turn by introducing into his *Civil Wars* satirical references to Nero's fatness, baldness, squint, and his dangerous chariot-driving. On one occasion also he sneeringly quoted a line of Nero's: 'And it sounded like underground thunder', in a crowded gentleman's lavatory, which caused a panic-stricken exit of all present.

When Nero forbade Lucan to give poetry readings even in his home, he grew bolder and suggested in public that it was about time someone murdered the tyrant—'I'll do it myself one of these days', he told his friends, 'and present you with his head!' So Lucan became a standard-bearer of Piso's ill-fated conspiracy; but when he was arrested showed his true nature by going to pieces, made an abject confession, and tried to buy his life by incriminating his own innocent mother. We are told: 'Apparently he thought that Nero, since he had killed his own mother, would appreciate this lack of decent devotion'. Nero at least allowed Lucan to commit suicide, and he took advantage of the respite by writing his father a letter containing amendments to his poems, then ate a huge dinner, got into a warm bath and ordered his physician to cut the arteries of his wrists. He died reciting some lines of his own about how a Macedonian soldier bled to death.

His father, however, had other things to think of than correcting Lucan's lines: he himself and Seneca and his other rich brother had been accused of aiding and abetting Lucan, and all three were obliged to commit suicide—which must have netted Nero about £10,000,000 in gold. Lucan was only twenty-five when he died. Nero generously put up a monument to him as a fellow poet.

Why has Lucan's reputation flared so high, every now and then, and always at the expense of Virgil, to whom, as a verse technician at least, he could not hold a candle? One may equally ask why the modern movement in Anglo-American poetry has enjoyed such success—the one which started forty years ago, by way of revolt against the Virgilian tradition of Tennyson, Longfellow, William Morris, and others.

A Roman Waste Land

The answer is probably that, at the close of the first world war, much the same moral and aesthetic gap separated neo-Georgian from Victorian London as had separated Neronian from Augustan Rome. Standards had changed radically, and the smooth, languid, pellucid verse hitherto demanded by critics could no longer adequately express the new *malaise*. When loss of faith in their own national institutions, ethics, religion—and even in themselves—sends poets marching and countermarching through the Waste Land, Lucan can be as much a 'standard bearer' as he was for Piso's ill-considered conspiracy. His un-Virgilian rhetoric and all his modern traits—impatience with craftsmanship, digressive irrelevancies, emphasis on the macabre, lack of religious conviction or moral fibre, turgid hyperbole, inconsistency, appeal to violence, and occasional flashes of real brilliance—are rediscovered by this new disagreeable world. Lucan has, in fact, been crowned as an even more cultured Roman than Nero.

—Third Programme

In connection with the above broadcast readers may like to know of two new translations by Mr. Robert Graves in the Penguin classics: *Lucan's Pharsalia: Dramatic Episodes of the Civil Wars*, and *Suetonius' The Twelve Caesars* (2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. respectively). Two other recent translations from the classics come from Faber: *Aristophanes' The Frogs*, translated by Dudley Fitts, and *Sophocles' Oedipus at Colonus*, an English version by Robert Fitzgerald (15s. each). There are also two new additions to the Loeb Classical Library: *Augustine: City of God I, Books I-III*, translated by G. E. McCracken, and *Pliny: Natural History VII, Books XXIV-XXVII*, translated by W. H. S. Jones (Heinemann, 15s. each).

* * *

The following travel books have been recently published: *The African Giant: the Story of a Journey*, by Stuart Cloete (Collins, 21s.); *They Were South Africans*, by John Bond (Oxford, 22s. 6d.); *Under the African Sun*, by Schuyler Jones (Hurst and Blackett, 21s.); *Turbulent Tangier*, by Aleko Lilius (Elek, 21s.); *The Road to Timbuctoo*, by John Skolle (Gollancz, 18s.); *The Forbidden Coast: a Journey through the Rio de Oro*, by John Lodwick (Cassell, 21s.); *Mara Moja*, by Lars-Henrik Ottoson (Cape, 21s.); *Beggars on Golden Stools: a Journey through Latin America*, by Peter Schmid (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s.); *The Naked Aucas*, by Rolf Blomberg (Allen and Unwin, 21s.); *Beyond the High Savannas*, by James Wickenden (Longmans, 18s.); *Tupari*, by Franz Caspar (Bell, 18s. 6d.); *Sailor in the East*, by Robin King (Barker, 12s. 6d.); *Goa, Rome of the Orient*, by Rémy (Barker, 21s.); *Land of Promise*, by Lewis Barton (Werner Laurie, 18s.); *The Five Pound Look*, by Tom Houston (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21s.); and *Variations on a Dutch Theme*, by Peter Temple (Secker and Warburg, 30s.).

The Chemical Basis of Life—VI

Gene and Virus

By C. D. DARLINGTON

WE have now made out a case for looking on the chromosomes as responsible for heredity and for looking on the nucleic acid which we call DNA as responsible for the chromosomes*. Let us now turn back to see whether there is anything serious we have left out. To begin with: is all the DNA in the chromosomes? Or is some of it outside the chromosomes? And does any other structure in the cell do what the chromosomes do? Or is all the continuity and control, and therefore all the capacity for heredity and variation, lodged and centred in the cell nucleus?

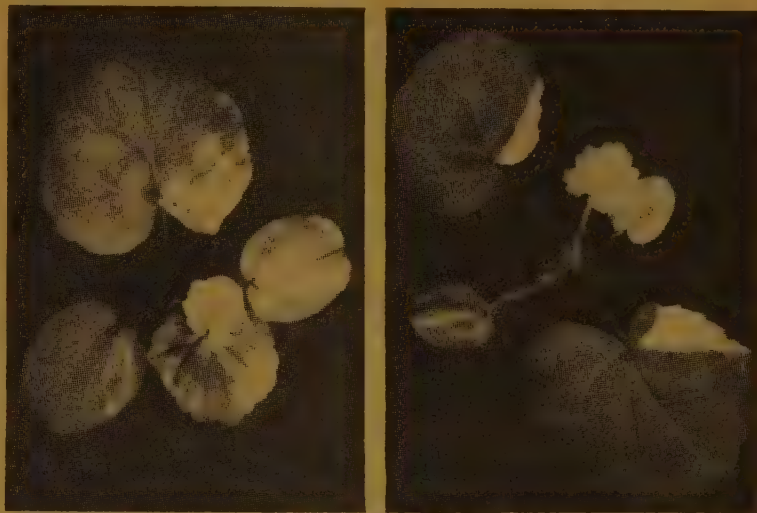
From what we have seen, the answers to all these questions should be bound up together. And so they seem to be. All the DNA in the cell indeed turns out to be in the chromosomes and in the nucleus. But there is another type of molecule in the cell which has some of the properties of DNA. It is ribose nucleic acid and we know it as RNA. The important property in which it differs from DNA is this: its nucleotides cannot form endless chains like those of DNA. They cannot therefore form chromosomes.

RNA is found in the nucleus, in contact with the chromosomes. But it is also found, and in greater quantity, in the cell outside the nucleus, in what we call the *cytoplasm*. Both in the nucleus and in the cytoplasm, RNA increases in amount when protein is being produced; that is, when the cell is growing or secreting or fermenting, or active in some way that demands the use of proteins. Indeed all the production of protein in the cell, not linked with DNA, is linked, we believe, with RNA. We recall that DNA is concerned not merely with producing protein but with keeping on producing the same kind of protein. It is concerned with being specific, with being individual, in short with being a gene. Can it be that the RNA is also concerned with being a gene; with reproducing itself as well as with producing protein? And consequently with maintaining in some sense continuity and heredity in cells and organisms?

If you cut off a piece of skin, how does the wound heal? It does so by the cells of skin around dividing (or multiplying) to produce new cells; new skin cells. Why are they skin cells? They have to be skin, you may say. Very well: make a culture of skin cells. Grow them in a bottle on a sort of baby food. They still grow skin cells. The skin breeds true: and it can keep true year after year; so far as we know, for ever. So it is with many tissues of animals. Their cells have a character of their own and they propagate themselves true to this character. They are specific. They are differentiated, as we say. Now the differences between tissues are not due to changes in the nucleus. The chromosomes as we see them are always the same. It is therefore something outside the nucleus that is changing. The cell contains something self-propagating in its cytoplasm. Cells of plants, as everyone knows, are not sharply differentiated in this way. You can propagate a whole plant from a single cutting. One piece of stem will grow roots, leaves, and flowers. But in many plants there is a beginning of this differentiation. The flowering shoots of ivy have lost the capacity for creeping. You can propagate them from cuttings and they come true. Their cells breed true.

Faced with the problem of explaining sexual heredity we turned to the microscope. Will it help now? Can we see anything in the cell, outside the nucleus, which might propagate itself and might therefore manifest heredity? There are a number of bodies to be seen in the cells of plants and animals which propagate themselves. Like the nucleus, but outside the nucleus, they arise only by such propagation.

They share with the chromosomes the primary gift of reproduction. Such, for example, are the particles responsible for growing flagella and cilia, the whips and bristles by which one-celled plants and animals move about. Such are also the particles responsible for producing colour in the leaves and flowers of plants; above all, the bodies we call plastids, which produce the chlorophyll of leaves.



Two stages in the growth of a seedling of *Pelargonium zonale* (geranium) raised from crossing a green plant with the pollen of a white plant. The pollen has brought a few white plastids into the seed and these are sorting themselves out from the green plastids during growth. This is how variegated plants arise

From article by C. D. Darlington in 'Endeavour', 8

We all know these plastids by their hereditary variations. There must be few people who have not seen hollies or ivies or geraniums with patterns of green and white on the leaves. These plants have layers of cells, some producing chlorophyll and some failing to do so. This failure is hereditary. It breeds true from seed. Just how it breeds, however, is the crux of the matter. It does not breed in the mendelian way. The character comes from the female parent entirely. The pollen has no effect. Why? Because the plastids, unlike the nucleus, are not carried by the pollen tube when it fertilises the egg. They are carried solely by the egg, in the cytoplasm—not the nucleus—of the egg. Are there many differences between races or varieties which follow the same rule as the plastids? The answer is that they probably occur in all species of plants and animals. Unlike plastids these particles are invisible; but none the less their effects can be seen. Their absence may cause deformity, or sterility, or death. Thus they are not merely useful: they are often indispensable.

How far can we now take our argument? There are self-propagating particles, genetic particles, in the cytoplasm of the cell. Sometimes they have visible products attached to them and sometimes not. They show heredity, and they show variation. They may even vary during growth and differentiation. We call them plasmagenes. Throughout the life of a plant or animal the genes on the chromosomes in the nucleus and the plasmagenes outside it have, so to speak, to keep house together. It would be surprising, therefore, if they always



A spray of variegated holly in which there are layers of green and white tissue arising from the kind of sorting out of plastids shown in the geranium seedling

enjoyed perfect harmony. In fact they do not. Most of what we know of the nuclear genes is due to their falling out with one another. And most of what we know of the plasmagenes is due to their falling out with the nuclear genes.

What is the chemical structure of these genetic particles? Can we identify a plasmagene and show that there is RNA in it? Unfortunately, plasmagenes are not big enough for us to say how they are made. We must therefore make a *détour* before we return to the chemical attack. Plasmagenes sometimes behave in a very odd way. One might say that they run wild. For example, there is an abnormal kind of edible pea with narrow pods which is called a rogue. It turns up in seedsmen's stocks. It causes trouble because it is useless to the gardener and would quickly ruin the stock if it spread. But can it spread? That is the point. Every seedling of a rogue is a rogue. That is true whether the parent is self-fertilised or cross-fertilised and whether the parent is the egg-parent or the pollen parent. A plasmagene of this kind, you will agree, is going to spread like a plague. It is entirely pervasive. There is one limitation to the rogue pea. Grafted on the normal pea its character does not spread to the other plant. It may be pervasive but it is not invasive. Yet even this limitation does not apply to all plasmagenes.

Inherited Mottling

In red pepper, *Capsicum annuum*, there are plants with a yellow mottling of the leaves. This defect in the chlorophyll is inherited by all their seedlings. Like the rogue pea the defect is carried by both eggs and pollen. But, more than this, when green and mottled plants are grafted together the defect from the mottled invades the green plant. But the mottling is never carried by natural infection from one to another. Thus the mottling in *Capsicum* is evidently due to a genetic particle. This particle is carried by heredity. It is a plasmagene. But it is also carried by infection, at least by artificial infection.

The *Capsicum* experiment gives the clue to a new principle. A particle can be transmitted like a plasmagene. And the same particle can also be transmitted by infection, that is, like a virus. Is it possible, therefore, that infective particles can arise from the non-infective constituents of the cells? Is it possible that viruses can evolve from genes or plasmagenes? Experiments show that it is not only possible, it is certain. Take an example in plants. Any 'King Edward' potato grafted on other potatoes induces a new disease. This new disease is not distributed by insect carriers but only artificially. It is an artificial virus. But what is it in 'King Edward'? It is a plasmagene. Many viruses arise spontaneously in plants, and it is impossible to avoid supposing they arise in this way: either from transplantation or from a change in a plasmagene on the spot.

In moths spontaneous viruses are continually appearing. They appear whenever moths are experimentally bred, either after inbreeding or after crossing. They can also be induced by chemical treatments. They are a great source of trouble in the silkworm industry. There is a good example in our currant-moth. This moth, on inbreeding, yields a recessive mendelian type known as the variety *lacticolor*. The variety also occurs in nature. But it is rare because the *lacticolor* caterpillars develop a virus spontaneously. By turning most of their protein into its own substance the virus kills the caterpillars. This virus must be connected with the *lacticolor* gene, because it does not develop spontaneously in the caterpillars with the normal gene. But having arisen in the *lacticolor* caterpillars it can infect and kill the normal caterpillars. Thus a genetic particle produced in the cytoplasm with the help of a particular nuclear gene can become a true, natural, and deadly virus.

From Plasmagene to Virus

How are we to explain such cases? Evidently a plasmagene which is normal and healthy in one organism or in one set of conditions becomes unhealthy and invasive under other conditions—conditions which may often be specified. It multiplies beyond its proper proportions in the cell. It becomes diffusible. It is converted, in effect, from a plasmagene to a virus. The conclusion that viruses can arise from plasmagenes in experiment—and therefore must continually be arising in this way in nature—calls for some new thinking. It particularly calls for new thinking on the causation of cancer. Cancer is always due to a change, usually a succession of changes, in the cell. These changes, like the insect viruses, can be chemically induced. We know that they must occur outside the nucleus. They evidently affect some kind of self-propagating particle. If this particle diffuses and infects other cells we may call

it a virus. If, as is the rule in human cancer, it does not diffuse or infect, we must call it a plasmagene, perhaps a mutant or rogue plasmagene. But what is important is the fact that in every case it must be a genetic particle. What we are now concerned with is something different. We want to use the plasmagene-virus connection in order to make the link with chemistry.

In the cells of a plant or animal the plasmagene propagates itself only in proportion with the other genetic materials in the cell. The virus propagates itself out of proportion; sometimes very much out of proportion. That is why it was possible, twenty years ago, to separate a plant virus from its victim's cells. It appears that the simpler plant and animal viruses all consist of combinations of RNA with protein. When we go back to where we began, the connection of RNA with protein production in general in the cell, we can have no doubt that the ordinary genetic particles in the cell, the plasmagenes, also depend on this type of molecule. Can we therefore boldly divide the genes chemically? Can we say the nuclear genes propagate themselves by DNA, the cytoplasmic genes by RNA? This looks a crude idea but it has recently proved to be less crude than it seems. The infective particles of the established virus diseases of animals and plants vary over a wide range of size. The smaller and simpler ones to which I have referred are RNA-proteins. But some of the larger ones contain DNA. The spontaneous viruses of insects fall into these two classes. We do not yet know whether those which arise in the nucleus are always in the DNA class while those which arise in the cytoplasm are always in the RNA class. But certain it is that when viruses arise from self-propagating particles in the nucleus or in the cytoplasm, they will keep the chemical character of the type of gene from which they have sprung. The two types of virus are thus likely to have arisen spontaneously from the genetic materials of their hosts and to have evolved in two parallel lines, showing the two chemical types of heredity, ever since their origin.

Infection and Heredity by the Same Particles

How do the bacteria stand in this story? Bacteria are too small for us to say how closely they correspond to animals and plants in having nuclei and chromosomes. But we know they correspond in having their heredity—or the best part of it—carried by DNA. In finding this out we have also discovered the strangest paradox in the whole story: in bacteria, infection and heredity are carried by the same DNA particles.

The bacterium which becomes infected with bacteriophage breaks up, as you have heard, into a hundred or two *phage* particles. It is scattering, as it were, one of its genes. These infect other bacteria. And their DNA can enter into the construction of their new host's chromosomes. Infection thus becomes a part of heredity. Or we may say that for the genes of higher organisms infection may be alternative to heredity. But for the genes of bacteria, infection alternates with heredity. A moment's thought will show that indeed this had to be so. Bacteria are organisms composed of a single cell and only one kind of cell. In them there can be no distinction between a body cell which can be infected with disease and a germ cell which can carry heredity. Hence, there can be no bifurcation between infection and heredity. The bacterium really can mix with a crowd to improve its character.

In the light of these discoveries, these new ideas, we can look again at the long-term processes of life. In a practical sense, in terms of effects, heredity, development and infection are distinct and separate. In a chemical sense, in terms of causes, they are not so distinct. They overlap. And their overlap means that the same kind of molecule is responsible for their common properties. The relation of proteins to nucleic acids is responsible for the great underlying unity of life.

There are those who fear that science today is engaged in splitting knowledge into meaningless fragments; and that science therefore is not concerned with the deeper realities of life. I disagree. To me it seems that the scientist of today need not be so very far from the point of view of the poet and philosopher Lucretius. Lucretius tried to describe nature in terms of atoms, particles, and genes. By doing so he was able to see nature as a whole. We are trying to do just the same.

—Third Programme

The subject of the essay for this year's Cecil Peace Prize of £100 is: 'The Charter of the United Nations and the Suez War'. The competition is open to all graduates, undergraduates, and students of any university in the kingdom who will still be under twenty-five on the last day for submitting essays, i.e. November 1, 1957. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, The David Davies Memorial Institute of International Studies, Thorney House, 34 Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

The Russians Halt 'De-Stalinisation'

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

THE evil spirits of fear and hatred that served Stalin so well in the last twenty-five years of his life are stirring again in the Soviet Union. They were never altogether absent, of course, even in the heyday of Mr. Khrushchev's gay speeches about peaceful coexistence. One could never be sure, even when he smiled, that the dark shapes that lingered so uneasily upon the horizon would not be invited to return and take possession of the state and all its servants on behalf of some new autocrat. Still, Mr. Khrushchev's extraordinary speech at the twentieth Party Congress last year did imply that the terror was a thing of the past.

Among the consequences of that speech, as we now know, were the Polish revolution, the insurrection in Hungary, and a wave of unrest in the universities and the factories of the Soviet Union. It seems evident that de-Stalinisation is a process that has no end: it cannot be tamed or harnessed. If it is not completely checked, it will eventually sweep away the men who are now in power, and who carry almost as great a burden of guilt upon their shoulders as ever Stalin did. Some of the Communist leaders outside the Soviet Union seem to have seen far more clearly than the Russians did that the de-Stalinisation campaign, with its implied promise of greater freedom of expression, could lead only to the disintegration of Communism as a system of government; and so the Albanians, for example, the Czechs, the Bulgarians, the East Germans—yes, and the French—have remained in a posture of abject and servile loyalty to the dead leader and his theories. His words provide them with the only justification for their continued existence—for their crimes, their prejudices and their privileges.

Now, evidently, the Russians are seeing it, too. For the whole Russian propaganda machine, whose job it is to indoctrinate the citizen from the cradle to the grave with theories that will ensure the safety and the prosperity of the party leaders, is now almost entirely Stalinist in its tone. There is the same vocabulary of fear and hatred, the same talk of capitalist encirclement; the same words about spies and class enemies; the same vituperative language as Stalin used. The same attempts are

now being made to bring authors and artists into line. It is true that things are still being said—outrageous things in terms of the prevailing orthodoxies—that would have been impossible in Stalin's day. Yet the fact remains that the authorities now seem determined to allow no further excesses in the name of de-Stalinisation. So the old coalition that served Stalin so well is being called in to take control again—the coalition of Stalinism, that is to say of infallibility, and fear and hatred.

Let me give you a few examples of what is happening. The old vigilance campaign that Stalin was so fond of is now raging as fiercely as ever. There are spies and imperialist agents everywhere apparently, and so, once again, Russians will have to be careful about their contacts with foreigners. Words like 'spies' and 'imperialist agents' have a chilling and fearful effect upon Russian ears, for they are certain to remind people of the harshest days of the Cold War: they usually served as an introduction to purges and trials and executions. In the discussions on artistic topics, the official spokesmen are using almost the same expressions as those fashionable during the great freeze.

It seems that the authorities want to check the spread of dangerous thoughts with the use of a vocabulary that, in Stalin's day, always inspired fear. Whether this technique will be enough remains to be seen. They may yet be forced into a new regime of terror. Yet there are many observers who argue that a complete return to the old tyranny is impossible and that Mr. Khrushchev has passed the point of no return.

In the meantime, the First Secretary and his friends are evidently playing upon old Russian fears of the external danger. There can be no other reason for their decision to revive the vigilance campaign and to spatter the Russian press with stories about foreign spies. That was always Stalin's way: the external danger provided him with a perfect scapegoat for all the shortages and privations that he imposed upon the Russian people. So, when the time comes, Mr. Khrushchev will no doubt try to use the dangerous international situation as an excuse for reimposing the old restrictions and restraints.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

The Control of Monopoly

(continued from page 460)

firms out of nefarious practices. I doubt if B.O.C. would have cleaned up its fighting company if the Monopolies Commission did not exist. It does good by alerting consumers. In many cases I think much could be done by the consumer interest making themselves responsible for research. Then they could see to it that progress followed the lines that really meet their requirements instead of being directed partly to finding fresh means to exploit them. In this particular case the product forms such a small part of the costs of the users that perhaps it is not worth anyone's while to bother with it, but, in general, research from the consumer end is a useful means of bringing to bear what Professor Galbraith has called 'countervailing power'.

Unfortunately there are conflicts of interest also among consumers. In this case a recent technical development has put the large users into a position to choose between buying machinery (mainly from the B.O.C. itself) to produce for themselves and buying ready-made supplies, while the small consumers have no choice. Because bulk buyers are offered lower prices, disproportionate to the saving in costs that bulk buying entails, big users are favoured and the small ones pay more than their fair share of the whole costs and profits of the business. The description of this state of affairs ought to lead to a revolt of small users. Just because they are small and numerous they have not much countervailing power to bring to bear. But the very fact that the Commission recommends a different pricing system, more favourable to them, puts them into a somewhat better position to look out for themselves.

The Commission's reports also do good by alerting potential competitors. Juicy profits may attract investment from large firms established in other industries (though as a matter of fact they generally

prefer fields that are easier to conquer) or a number of 'small men' may begin to nibble at the edges of the market. If this is to take place there needs to be a general policy for facilitating entry into markets by providing finance and expert assistance for small would-be producers. This would help to make potential competition a continuous threat to existing monopolies. Indeed, the ideal condition for an industry where economies of scale are important is to be run by an efficient monopoly, kept efficient by the fear of potential competition which never becomes actual because the monopoly is always one step ahead.

Indirectly the Commission may be doing good. But in this particular case their direct recommendation (subject to various reservations) does no more than pass the buck to the 'Board of Trade or other competent authority' which should be charged with the duty of reviewing the industry from time to time to see that prices and profits are kept within bounds, while allowing a reasonable interval to ensure that improvements give some financial advantage to the business. Things being as they are, this is as much as it is reasonable to expect, but it is not really very much.

It is disappointing to give such a dusty answer to the question: What ought to be done? Perhaps you feel that an economist should be able to offer a clear and simple solution to an economic problem. But the tendency to monopoly is so deeply embedded in a modern industrial system that it is hard to see how to root it up without damaging the system. I think an economist should be allowed to answer questions of this kind like the man who was asked the way to Oklahoma—If I wanted to go to Oklahoma I would never start from here.

—Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

March 13-19

Wednesday, March 13

Trade union leaders inform the Minister of Labour that they cannot accept arbitration in the shipbuilding dispute

Dr. Bunche, U.N. Under-Secretary, informs President Nasser that the Emergency Force will co-operate fully with the Egyptian civil administration in the Gaza Strip

John Middleton Murry, essayist and critic, dies at age of sixty-seven

Thursday, March 14

Shipbuilding employers agree to arbitration if the unions will call off strike

Commons debate Middle East situation

Terrorists in Cyprus state that they are prepared to suspend operations as soon as Archbishop Makarios is released from exile

Twenty-two people are killed when a B.E.A. Viscount airliner crashes at Manchester

Friday, March 15

An executive meeting of forty trade unions decides to call a strike in the engineering industry on March 23

Israeli Foreign Minister flies to United States in view of situation in Gaza Strip

Council of Western European Union meeting in London discusses withdrawal of British forces from Germany

Saturday, March 16

Work in shipyards throughout Britain is at a standstill. Minister of Labour sees the Prime Minister at Downing Street

U.N. Secretary-General holds meeting in New York of special advisory committee on the U.N. Emergency Force

Sunday, March 17

Meetings of shipyard strikers are held in several ports. One of the leaders states that there is no chance of an early settlement

B.E.A. Viscount 701 aircraft are withdrawn from service as a precautionary measure

The President of the Philippines is killed in an air crash

Monday, March 18

Prime Minister makes his first major public speech at Leicester

Petrol ration to be increased by fifty per cent. on April 17

Governor of Cyprus leaves for London

Tuesday, March 19

Meeting of delegates of trade unions engaged in engineering dispute decides on selected stoppages to begin on March 23

Egyptian Government's terms for re-opening Suez Canal to shipping are given to other Governments

Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary leave London by air for Bermuda to meet President Eisenhower



Work at shipyards throughout Britain came to a standstill on March 16 after the unions had called a strike because the shipbuilding employers had rejected their claim for a wage increase of 2s. in the £. This photograph, taken last Sunday, shows a deserted dry dock at South Shields, with a ship awaiting repair



Office-workers during a lunch-time break in St. James's Park: a photograph taken last week when for several days most of the country enjoyed summerlike weather with temperatures rising into the sixties

Right: The Princess Royal being presented with a sprig of shamrock during the traditional St. Patrick's Day parade held by the Irish Guards at Wellington Barracks on March 17. Her Royal Highness afterwards distributed shamrock to the regiment



R. Higgins (England) rugby international 16 points to 3 and so





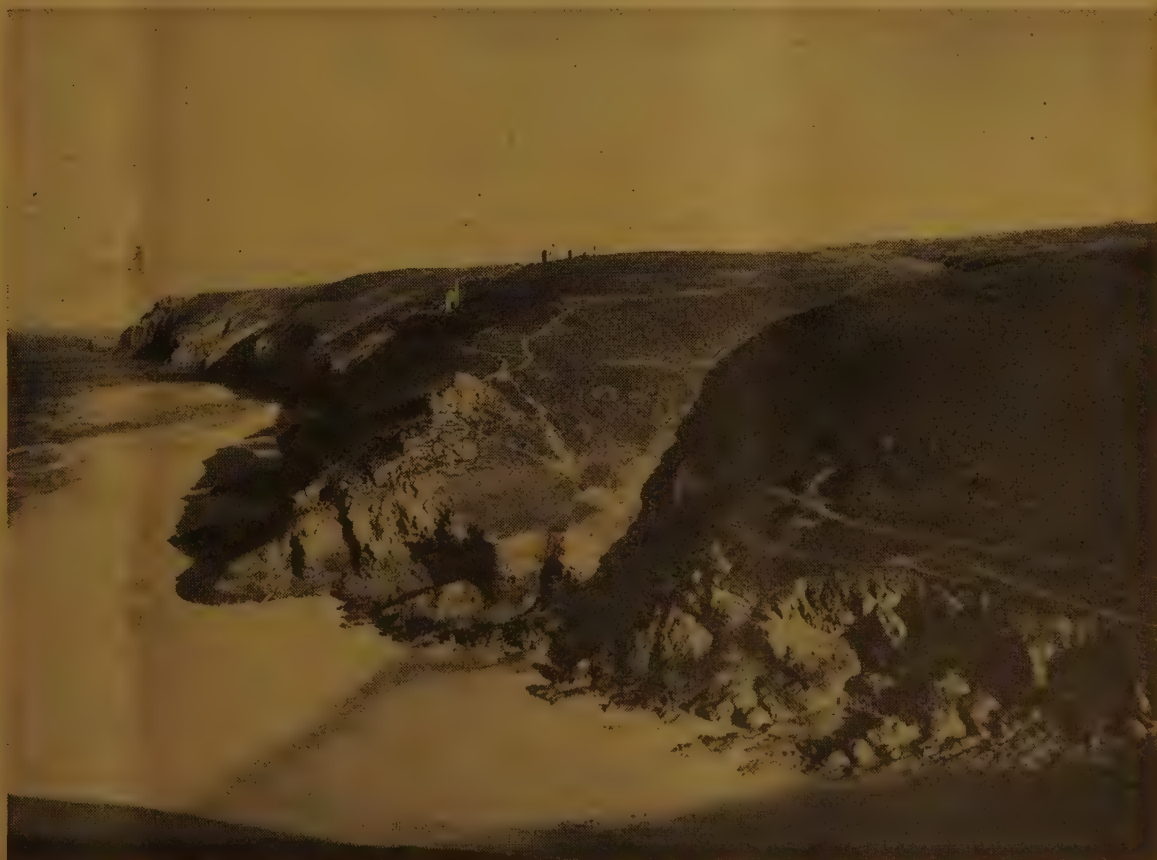
Major-General Mohammed Latif, appointed by Egypt to take over the civil administration of the Gaza Strip (lately evacuated by Israel), entering the town of Gaza on March 14. Last Sunday, Mrs. Meir, Israel's Foreign Minister, flew to the United States to discuss with Mr. Dulles the situation arising from Egypt's action



A Dutch vessel of the United Nations salvage force at work last week raising the wreck of the tug *Edgar Bonnet*, one of the last major obstacles blocking the Suez Canal



by G. K. Smith (Scotland) during the Penham on March 16. England won by the Triple Cup, the international champion- Triple Crown



A view towards Tubby's Head from Chapel Porth cove, north Cornwall. This stretch of coast is included in an area covering 362 acres which has just been acquired by the National Trust. The Trust has also acquired St. Agnes Beacon, a hill rising to 629 feet, four miles south-west of Perranporth and the principal feature of this part of Cornwall



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Doubts About the Free Trade Area

Sir,—I certainly agree in principle with Sir Keith Joseph's emphasis (indicated in his letter in THE LISTENER of March 7) on the importance of the economies to be derived from free trade. But I feel some doubt as to the efficacy of this particular method of securing more efficient production and as to the quantitative importance of a process of specialisation from which agriculture is insulated.

However, the benefit conferred by membership of a free trade area, as opposed to universal free trade, is not confined to the physical economies. Quite apart from these, a benefit is obtained simply because each member buys the products of other members in preference to the products of outsiders. This does not mean that the outside world is necessarily worse off in consequence of the formation of a free trade area. But it will mean this if the economies are small and the 'diversion effect' is large.—Yours, etc.,
Cambridge R. F. KAHN

Party Political Broadcast

Sir,—Lord Brand believes 'the rapid increase in general well-being in this country' has been due, not to the Welfare State or Government legislation, at least to any great extent, but rather to 'the altogether exceptional advance in scientific knowledge, technology, and invention in the last generation or two'.

No one in these days would deny the value of science and technology, but isn't his lordship claiming rather too much for them? That they are powerless, in themselves, to bring about 'general well-being', was amply demonstrated, not only in the early days of capitalism, but even as recently as the nineteen-twenties when, though there was no apparent shortage of building technicians and agricultural experts, the well-being of millions of our countrymen was seriously undermined by insanitary living conditions and lack of food. Only with the gradual development of a government-planned economy did these distressing symptoms of economic confusion show signs of disappearing; and where they still persist today, as they do in parts of most of our large cities, it is obvious that they are much less affected, for better or worse, by laboratory experiments than by government legislation.

Of course science and technology are tremendously important, but no community can derive much benefit from them, unless it also possesses a rational administration.—Yours, etc.,
Clynder ALEX. H. BEVERIDGE

The Dilemma of the Personnel Officer

Sir,—May I suggest to some of your correspondents (who refer to the talk by Mr. J. O. Blair-Cunynghame printed in THE LISTENER of March 7), that they are assuming too much integration, a Jack-of-all-trades, in a field in which division and specialisation are desirable.

In the simplest human team-work one is the head and the other or others merely hands or, if it be preferred, one is an adult and the other or others are children. As the team grows, the single manager becomes a management, a chief with a set of subordinate managers taking between them a larger and larger share of the original single-handed manager's functions and leaving him to be a smaller and smaller part of a larger and larger arch, of which he remains the keystone.

In the course of this process there arises the personnel officer. Development should not, I suggest, stop there, as some of your correspondents seem to assume that it must or at all events should. When the scale of operations affords sufficient scope, matters of personnel should be divided between two officials (or departments as each part of the work outgrows a single worker). One will be on the side of the enterprise as against the individual worker. The other will be on the side of the individual worker as against the enterprise.

One part of the personnel work will be, in Mr. Chave's phrase, 'aligned with management' in the sense of being required to know what are the duties of the personnel, the dues of the enterprise, and to secure that those duties are discharged properly and those dues received. The other part will be required on the contrary to know what are the duties of the enterprise, the dues of the personnel, and to secure that those duties likewise are discharged properly and that those dues likewise are received.

I suspect that really first-rate ability for these profoundly different functions are rarely found in the same person and that specialisation is correspondingly desirable. All should go well if the head of affairs, whether an individual or a group, receives from these two specialists proper service and plays properly his or their own part as the holder of a balance between them and if this triangular arrangement is operated with proper general publicity and proper general freedom of speech.

For a good many years the John Lewis Partnership has combined in this way a Directorship of Personnel with a completely independent Partners' Counsellorship and extreme provision for constant freedom of speech, certain councils and committees and, above all, the weekly production of a newspaper publishing completely anonymous communications.

Each of these two officials has grown into a department and, so far as I can see, the arrangement is suitable for unlimited expansion. The Partnership's efficiency in matters of personnel—recruitment, training, assignment of functions, and so on—should not deteriorate if some day the number of its members is, as perhaps it will be, many times greater than the present 12,000.

Yours, etc.,

Stockbridge

J. SPEDAN LEWIS

Oxford Moral Philosophy

Sir,—Mr. Nowell-Smith accuses me of travesty and innuendo. 'Innuendo' is absurd; satire is indirect of course, but that apart 'innuendo' is a ludicrous description of my attack. As for travesty, how he and Mr. Hare give themselves away and prove me right by the arguments with which they hasten to defend what I attack! Was Truman's act (a) signing an order, (b) killing some Japanese, (c) saving lives? A factual example ought to be according to fact. That this act saved lives is merely one of the known lies it is permissible to tell; because it is well known (and must be known to Mr. Nowell-Smith) that Truman knew the Japanese were urgently seeking to surrender on terms. How can we mend (c)? 'Securing unconditional surrender' won't do, since that purpose failed: they kept their Emperor. Showing American power? Testing the effects of the bombs? All this seemed irrelevant to argue and embarrassed me

on Mr. Nowell-Smith's behalf, so I substituted an imaginary example in which someone (a) posts chocolates, (b) poisons his aunt, (c) receives a legacy. Mr. Nowell-Smith objects. Well, let (c) be some immensely important purpose: it is all one to me. The cases are parallel because in both (b) is an act of murder: it is killing the innocent as a means to an end. Mr. Nowell-Smith is a child of his time and can't see it; and how his philosophy helps him not to! no doubt telling him that 'murder' is a term partly 'evaluative' (he probably thinks it means 'reprehensible killing') and the same for 'innocent', and so they can't be 'inferred' from a mere 'description' and similar stuff.

Should he and Mr. Hare have reminded people that it was I who objected to Mr. Truman's degree? Someone may have thought: 'Oho! So theirs is the philosophy that naturally defends such acts, and such sycophancy too. Perhaps there is something in what she says'.

The suggestion that no one can treat 'Do no murder' as an intelligible commandment in a broadcast without a preliminary *exposé* of the philosophical problems of defining an action seems to me in a high degree comic. I lecture on such problems in Oxford, in the philosophy of psychology.

Let's look at Mr. Nowell-Smith's claim not to be a consequentialist. A man *must*, he says on page 308 of his book, refuse any non-moral advantage, say a bribe, gained by doing something against his moral principles 'unless he can manage to bring acceptance of the offer under some other moral principle'. Which, of course, he will if he wants to; both according to Mr. Nowell-Smith and in fact people can and do do anything 'on principle': all you need is a good large stock of principles, and you will be able to manage, as the author so truthfully expresses it, very well indeed; you will always find relevant differences in particular cases, and so maintain your principles with high impartiality. That is one reason why the phrase 'on principle' stinks so, and why principles are so important in the world—and so in the writings of our philosophers too, who construct ethical systems on the notion to suit the tune.

See, too, Mr. Nowell-Smith's edifying definition of wickedness: it means 'having bad moral principles'. Since 'bad' is 'condemnatory' and not 'descriptive', it only serves to show us that he disapproves of what he attaches it to. Here he doesn't attach it; so all we learn is that there exist people whose principles he disapproves of; these people are, by definition, wicked. Marvelous! But of course what we *should* learn is each to adopt the definition from his own point of view: each now has a 'logical licence' to call wicked anyone whose principles he disapproves of, and—this is the delightful part of it—without any awkward necessity of being *right*, since there is no such thing as 'right' here.

I realise that Mr. Nowell-Smith doesn't favour the *ad hoc* modification of principle in the particular case that is so characteristic a feature of Mr. Hare's system, and hence he denies the consequentialism that the other professes. He probably feels that it leaves too great a burden of proof that one is being moral—which of course we all so strongly wish to be—to one's vocabulary and general priggishness. So, while they both do an excellent job, just as they say is their purpose, of describing how we carry on while we are being moral, Mr. Nowell-

Smith's method is rather for the quite ordinary man. Of both it is safe to say that their views on conduct are highly conventional, as indeed is the accompanying enthusiasm for being 'free rational agents', 'adult', 'legislating for oneself', and so on and so on.

I should have liked to entertain the public with all this, enriched with further instructive quotations; but the Third has been scared off.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

G. E. M. ANSCOMBE

Sir,—(1) Miss Anscombe in her letter in *THE LISTENER* of March 14, commenting on mine of March 7, writes:

He says it was inconsistent for me to jeer at the laws by which some tribunals are not bound to observe 'natural justice', and also to sneer at the Nuremberg Trials, which he says just proceeded according to natural justice.

She then proceeds joyously to point out 'a startling bit of ignorance' on my part, referring to points 'explained in the broadcast but not in the printed text'. But, of course, I did not say that the Nuremberg Trials proceeded according to natural justice; nor yet, for that matter, that they did not. Miss Anscombe is relying, it would seem characteristically, on the fact that few of her readers will turn back to my letter to check any assertion she may find it convenient to make. But in that letter I argued only to the conclusion that: 'She thus is, apparently, opposed equally: both to the legal recognition of a claim that "natural justice" transcends positive law; and to the legal refusal to admit that claim'.

My reasons were that she objected: both to 'decisions of courts that, for example, certain tribunals need take no account of what is called "natural justice" in their decisions', and to a defence offered 'by young men at Oxford' for the Nuremberg Trials, in which she alleges that 'Judges from the good and victorious side [were] making up their law as they went along'. The defence was on the lines that 'There is a moral law above any positive enactments . . .'. Now she might well argue that for particular reasons this defence will not in fact do in the case in question. But she cannot consistently object in principle to any defence of this sort while at the same time objecting to 'decisions of courts that . . . certain tribunals need take no account of what is called "natural justice" in their decisions'. But even if these apparently inconsistent positions of her contribution of March 14 can be reconciled with the aid of supplementary explanations, as perhaps they can, it still remains quite simply false to say, as she does, that I said in my letter that the Nuremberg Trials just proceeded according to 'natural justice'. Hence the question of my startling ignorance as shown in that alleged assertion cannot arise.

(2) The Rev. T. A. Burkill in his letter in the same issue takes exception to 'the rather childish emotionally charged verbal exchanges between Miss Anscombe and her opponents . . . [which] . . . indicate that both parties to the dispute have little real understanding of their business'. Now it may or may not be (only too) true that 'such practical exhortations as "Let us have more (or no more) trials after the Nuremberg stamp" or "let us sterilise the unfit" are utterly irrelevant in any genuine attempt to solve the purely theoretical problems of moral philosophy'. (This surely depends on just how strictly you interpret the word 'purely' here.) But Miss Anscombe (or are we Anscombewise, to see here the hidden hand of some powerful pressure group behind) took the initiative in attacking Oxford moral philosophers on grounds that were very far indeed from being purely theoretical. Are Hare and Nowell-Smith really

wrong or childish to wish to defend themselves against her very serious charges?

Yours, etc.,

Keele

ANTONY FLEW

Sir,—I think the following facts ought to be made known, in view of Mr. Hare's recent letter on Miss Anscombe's broadcast. In a paper I read in Oxford some time ago, I argued that, if a man finds himself in a quandary like being questioned by a tyrant, he ought to try to escape by equivocation (or skilful acting, if he is capable of that) instead of resorting to deliberate lies. This view is, of course, very disputable; but it does not commit its holders to saying that *suggestio falsi* is in general an innocent act. Miss Anscombe's defence of my view when discussing my paper is the only factual ground for Mr. Hare's report of what he has 'heard' are her views on lying.

Before rushing into the matter, Professor Flew ought to have found out the usual English, as opposed to the etymological sense of the word 'lubricity', which Mr. Hare allowed himself to apply to Miss Anscombe's style.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 3

PETER GEACH

The Secondary Modern School

Sir,—There is a deeper difference between Mr. Brogan and myself than one of words: but I think it significant that he should imagine that when I spoke of his lack of sympathy I meant sympathy, in the sense of pity, for the secondary modern teacher. No teacher worth his salt wants or needs sympathy of that kind. I meant, of course, sympathy—in the sense of imaginative understanding—for the whole situation. Mr. Brogan insists on throwing in our hands for us: and we simply don't want our hands thrown in. It is he who calls our task 'thankless': I must ask him what right he has to do so. He has clearly no idea of the forces we are able to liberate in the children, simply because he has a cold eye for the children themselves and an even colder view of what constitutes education.

Let me assure Mr. Brogan that, though the children—very naturally and properly—do try to estimate the narrower relevance of their schooling, they are not anything like as insusceptible as he thinks to the wider and deeper appeals that it makes and to the desires that it arouses and begins to satisfy. Mr. Brogan's view of the children is very much harder and meaner than—thank goodness—are the children themselves. And I must say that I blame much of the disinclination that has first to be resolved on the exclusive view of education that Mr. Brogan cherishes. The fact is that the only school conditions we have ever known how to produce really well are the conditions of academic education, with its logical progress and its strict content. Popular education in this country has been a watery imitation of this essentially cloistral and specialised form of training. It is by the standards of academic education that Mr. Brogan finds us wanting. I notice that he gives a passing rap on the knuckles to American educationists. The New World, as it happens, has much to teach us about the spirit of popular education. I hope Mr. Brogan has read Mr. John Sharp's intensely interesting talk printed in *THE LISTENER* of March 14, which illustrates this point most vividly.

There it is: Mr. Brogan and I have radically different views as to what education is about, and our estimates of secondary modern children are quite incompatible. We must be content to stare at each other from opposite poles of temperament and vision.

I hope, by the way, that he wasn't implying that I am an 'airy educationist'. I wouldn't dare to be one—I should be laughed out of the staff-

room—even if 'airiness' were a quality that survived seven years of rumbustious teaching.

May I say to Mr. Peter Prager (*THE LISTENER*, March 7) that I had not forgotten that 'the mere existence of the secondary modern school perpetuates the gap between the two nations'. It was simply not within my terms of reference to discuss this. As it happens, I think Mr. Prager is right. But then I also believe that we need to question the whole matter of secondary education as radically and coarsely as Mr. Corbett would have us question the content of university education. I fancy that a common school may be something we shall grow into: that is, it will come to seem absurd that it shouldn't exist. Meanwhile, the work being done in the secondary modern school may be part of that business of revelatory growth.

Yours, etc.,

Hadley Wood

EDWARD BLISHEN

Style and Vision

Sir,—Before the argument a definition of terms is necessary. Would Mr. Newton please explain what he means by 'the camera'. If he means a tool, a means to an end, then why does he not talk with equal enthusiasm of the 'pencil', the 'crayon', the 'brush'. If, however, he means a 'photograph' then I challenge his statement that it is dead right, operative word dead, that it has no style and vision. Does he really feel that Marcus Adams, Margaret Harker, Cecil Beaton, Cartier Bresson, Baron, Walter Nurnberg, Dorothy Wilding, Bertram Sinkinson, have no style, no vision? In comparing the photograph and painting of Rouen cathedral did he also compare the style and vision, the sensitivity and intuition of the guide behind the camera and brush?

Surely it is not right to compare the supreme with the mediocre in the same medium, even more so is it wrong in differing media.

Yours, etc.,

Slough

JOHN H. HAMMOND

The Discoverer of Radio Waves

Sir,—I hope Mr. Ratcliffe will not think that I am criticising his admirably lucid exposition (*THE LISTENER*, March 7) if I suggest, with great respect, that it was probably Fitzgerald and not Heaviside or Kennedy who first thought of the 'layer'. In *Nature* of September 28, 1893, he wrote:

Probably the upper regions of our atmosphere are fairly good conductors. . . . If the Earth is surrounded by a conducting shell its capacity may be regarded as that of two concentric spheres . . .

This was only five years after the discovery of Hertz, and it is fairly certain that long-distance radio propagation could not have been in Fitzgerald's mind. However, when Heaviside made his suggestion (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1902), it does seem curious that he made no reference to his friend's insight.

Why, then, is it not the Fitzgerald layer instead? The answer could be that by 1901, when Marconi succeeded in transmitting across the Atlantic, George Francis Fitzgerald was dead.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 1

D. K. McCLEERY

Delightful Pets

Sir,—Many of your readers must have been mildly surprised at Miss Hopper's statement (*THE LISTENER*, March 7) that the female hedgehog 'literally "wears the trousers"'. It is a thousand pities that the photograph chosen to accompany the talk does not illustrate this unusual habit.—Yours, etc.,

Saltcoats

R. C. PAYN

A French Romantic in England

ALAN PRYCE-JONES on memories of Hilaire Belloc

COUNTLESS witnesses have described him, James Gunn has painted him at different periods of his life, people have repeated his jokes, explained away his idiosyncracies, and excelled each other in panegyric or denunciation; yet somehow Belloc has always kept his own mystery. At one moment when I was young, I knew him comparatively well; yet to me, certainly, he was none the less mysterious for that. And so I have come to Robert Speaight's *Life** of him with a feeling of anticipation which will have been shared by most of those, not his contemporaries, who have been led to wonder what manner of man he was, and by a great many older people already convinced that they and they alone hold the key to his character.

For I imagine that what really interests most people in Belloc is his character rather than his work. He was so copious, for one thing. There is so much work—and not all of it easy to come by. Then again, although he tackled a wide variety of themes he tackled most of them from the same standpoint. Robert Speaight, talking of one book, *Caliban's Guide to Letters*, published in 1903, says that it 'is chiefly interesting as a further inventory of Belloc's *bêtes noires*: Rudyard Kipling imperialism, the Old Testament, titled Jews, legal casuistry, and the Anglo-Saxon myth'. Belloc lived half a century

longer, yet his attitude scarcely changed from decade to decade, nor were his themes noticeably enlarged—a serious objection in one who was much more deeply engaged by his hates than by his affections. Certainly he operated from a carefully prepared ground. But it was ground which had been fortified by nearly two thousand years of Catholic experience. As a positive thinker, he accepted his place in the ranks of a great company; but he was not a Newman or a Péguy: he did not add much that was positive and personal to the doctrines which he espoused.

All the same, there is something extraordinarily fascinating about him as a human being. And, above all, there is the question: What exactly was it in him which made him so deeply beloved by his friends? What was the quality, or set of qualities, which engaged the affection not only of Maurice Baring and Cecil Chesterton, but of men as different as Father Vincent McNabb and George Wyndham, Desmond MacCarthy and Bernard Shaw? Yes, and of all the clever and beautiful women who cherished his friendship?

To begin with, he was not amenable. In the years when I knew him—between 1927 and about 1932, that is—I saw him on most days in Fleet Street, and from time to time at his house in Sussex. In Sussex he was relaxed. I associate him there with firelight, family talk, and good humour. There I caught glimpses of a natural innocence which was his most endearing characteristic—the kind of innocence which regularly enchanted the children he knew. In London, however, he was much more formidable. He would bear down into the pub (for it seems to have been in pubs that we met, chiefly because I used to be sent off to talk to him while the friend he had really come to see—Jack Squire—was correcting proofs or finishing an article against time) with a rhinoceros tread, as if about to charge. The old-fashioned

dolman he wore, billowing from the shoulders, his loose tie, his dangling glasses, the unrelieved black and white of his clothing, added to his formidability. He used to look about him without showing any particular sign of recognition, even of those he knew quite well, until his eye fell on some entirely reliable friend. Only then did the rhinoceros lift his horn. For he needed a small court round him in order to bring him into contact with other people. And then, if the contact were firm enough, a miracle of high spirits might follow—a not wholly reliable miracle, however, since if Belloc burst into sudden song from time to time he also was capable of a sustained grumpiness rare to behold.

To much of this Robert Speaight now gives the key. He does it in a book which cannot easily be over-praised: a fat, informative, lively, judicious book which joins the tiny band of first-rate modern literary biographies—books like Sir Charles Tennyson's life of his own grandfather and Rupert Hart Davis' *Hugh Walpole*. The book which it recalls most closely, however, is a much earlier one: Mackail's masterly account of William Morris. There was not very much, superficially, in common between Morris and Belloc—beyond a manly radicalism and a mind naturally didactic—but the problems they present to a biographer are very similar. Both were men in the grip

of a single, fructifying idea. Both were out of tune with the times. Both were an odd mixture of geniality and melancholy. And both were much more complicated characters than they appear on the surface.

A good deal of misapprehension about Belloc has arisen from the mistaken idea in this country (but not in France) that he is typically French. It is a general rule that when English people conceive of a person or an idea that either is representative of France, they are always wrong. French women are not as a rule like a combination of Nancy Mitford and Yvonne Arnaud; of the three French republican virtues, equality and fraternity—especially fraternity—have always been conspicuously absent from social life, and even liberty is kept strictly within bounds. Similarly, it would be a great mistake to see much of France in Belloc, even though he was born in St. Cloud, even though he served a year or so of military service with the French artillery, even though he kept closely in touch with France all through his life. I have heard Douglas Woodruff suggest in conversation that the Irish strain which he inherited from his grandmother was a far more important element in his personality. And certainly he had much of Irish wit and fire, backed by a ruthless charm, and a sounder flair for destroying than for building.

His great gift was also an Irish gift: the gift of words. I suppose there is no writer in English of comparable output—certainly none so often forced to write for money against time—who used the language with greater aptitude. I would not, I think, recommend Belloc to anyone who wanted to learn what to write about, but to anyone wanting to learn how to write, his books—and his letters, evidently, no less—offer incomparable examples. He could do it all on his head: *le style noble*, expository prose, prose sarcastic, gay, or withering; evocative, petulant, or romantic prose. And in verse he showed no less a skill: skill, to



Hilaire Belloc among a group of French officers at French Headquarters, January 1940

my mind, rather than profound poetic feeling (though it is now the fashion to make high claims for Belloc as a neglected poet).

This means that Belloc ought to be considered primarily as a giver of pleasure. I doubt very much if his historical works, or his polemics, or his apologetics, will be revived, even if in historical matters he had an occasional dazzling intuition. But I can hardly imagine a world in which Lord Lundy had no place, or Belinda, or Charles Augustus Fortescue, or the verse epigrams or Lambkin. Not to speak of those books, like *The Four Men* and *The Path to Rome*, in which the peculiar virtues of Belloc are given such scope that they leave no room for his faults. On all these Speaight has something pertinent to say. Not that he goes deep into matters of literary criticism: that, after all, would exceed the limits he has set himself in a strict biography. But just as he is finely discriminating in discussing Belloc the man, so, when necessary, he sets rapidly in perspective the merits of Belloc the writer. And upon both he is brave enough to pass a wholly dispassionate judgement.

A Man's Writer

I emerged from the book feeling that I was probably right in not caring very much for Belloc, but at the same time feeling that any fault was certainly mine more than his. When I knew him he was in his late fifties and I was not much more than an undergraduate. Between us lay a deep gulf, culminating in the experience of the first world war. The Belloc *bêtes noires* meant nothing to my generation. We were not Kipling imperialists; Jewish peers meant nothing to us; we felt that the issues of privilege and plutocracy, the clumsy mistakes of the Reformation and the smugness of the English middle classes were all so much dead mutton. When it came to the positive sides of his message we were not more at home with him. Distributism had born no fruit; the obedient, non-mystical Catholicism of Belloc was very much less attractive to us than the warmer-hearted approach of Gilbert Chesterton; while those of us who were ready to be moved at all were likely to be far more deeply touched by intellectual influences from the continent—Maritain in particular—to which Belloc was wholly alien. Robert Speaight points out very acutely that the decline in Belloc's influence can be closely related to the growing number of women who read serious books. He was very much a man's writer. Most likely we were less men than our fathers, but we found something depressing about the air of walking sticks and whiskers, of beer and dust and bicycles which hung over the good life as Belloc and his immediate friends interpreted it for us.

Where we showed a strange lack of imagination, however, was in appreciating the essential facts of his personal life. Robert Speaight makes it clear, for example, that the early death of his wife was a crucial blow to him. The whole account of their marriage is touching, and beautifully told. It begins with Belloc meeting Elodie Hogan, a young American visiting London with her mother, in his mother's house. 'He took one look at Elodie', we are told, 'and determined that she should be his wife'. When she returned to California, he bought a steerage passage to New York, and then gambled his way across the continent, largely on foot, until at last he arrived, 'a tattered and penniless Frenchman', on Mrs. Hogan's doorstep. Elodie, however, was determined to try her vocation for the religious life, and her mother was strongly opposed in any case to the marriage. It was five years before he learned that she had failed to prove her vocation, telegraphed peremptorily: 'Elodie write plans won't wait', and set sail a second time, with his mother. Thereafter, during the seventeen years of their marriage, the rightness of his choice was fully made clear. Robert Speaight sums the matter up like this:

It is sometimes said too glibly of a man that 'he never got over the death of his wife'; but in the case of Belloc this was literally true. He was only forty-three when Elodie died and he had many years of useful work, and even of reasonable enjoyment, in front of him. His family grew up and his friends rallied round him. But the spring of his life was broken, and when he took it up again he was a different man. He now looked forward to nothing but the hardly imaginable moment of reunion in a beatitude which he firmly believed in, but of which he had no sensible intimation.

Forty years of mourning: it is a long time. It crystallised, furthermore, a natural melancholy; and during the last twelve years of his life it was reinforced by the death of his very dear son, Peter, while serving with the Marines in the second war. Had Belloc been the kind of Catholic apologist he has popularly been supposed to be, he might have considered these tragedies with some measure of resignation. In fact,

however, his attitude to religion was curiously stern. He did what he was told; he administered his faith to others more as a necessary tonic than as an evolving experience. Speaight is no doubt right in saying that 'no one did more to give the English Catholics confidence in themselves and to make them feel part of a European tradition'. But Speaight goes on:

The Faith established and defined, the cultural city of Christendom, magnificent and crumbling—these are what he set out to defend. But his sailor's eyes, though they were accustomed to wide horizons, lacked the evangelist's audacity, and he did not want to imagine what Catholicism would be like when it had been preached to all peoples, nor what expression it would wear when it had expanded to the uttermost ends of the earth.

There is a tragic photograph in this book of Belloc on a visit to the French Headquarters in January 1940. A septuagenarian, looking rather like a retired family lawyer, he is standing among a group of officers who might have been serving during his own military adventure in the early eighteen-nineties. The little group—with the unfamiliar world of Hitler just over the border—give off a strange impression of irrelevance, as though they were waiting to be led to battle by the Duke of Cambridge, umbrella in hand.

Something of that strangeness has seeped into most of Belloc's serious activities. It arises, of course, chiefly because Belloc's real work was done in the first half of his life—a fact which is skilfully underlined by the proportions of this biography. Yet however little posterity may esteem him as a teacher, it will surely go on delighting in his unexpectedness, in his unconquerable vivacity. Robert Speaight is quick to note turns of phrase, passing jokes, scraps from letters, which give clues to the immense affection which he could engender. A typical example is his remark to William Temple, then headmaster at Repton. Exasperated by his co-religionists on one occasion, he exclaimed:

The Catholic Church is an institution I am bound to hold divine—but for unbelievers a proof of its divinity might be found in the fact that no merely human institution conducted with such knavish imbecility would have lasted a fortnight.

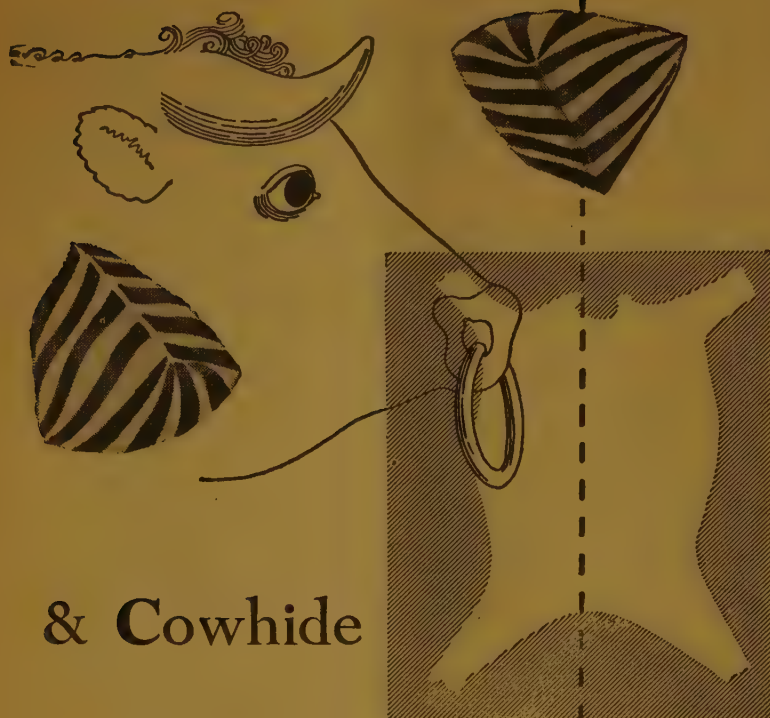
And then there was a size about him. You could never forget his presence in a room. He was not a prism. He did not collect other people's rays and refocus them in his own way; he was like yeast in any company. He added an energising principle to others. And he by no means confined himself to a single circle of like-minded friends. Someone who shared his passion for small boats, like Lord Stanley of Alderley, immediately crossed the gulf of two generations and joined him as a friend. A sturdy freethinker such as that most agreeable of solicitors, E. S. P. Haynes, could remain a close companion for fifty years. Generals, priests (not so many of these), politicians, hostesses, all took their place in his hierarchy. I think that what they each found lovable in him is that he was always utterly himself. Nobody ever was less of a trimmer. He might not give much attention to niceties of appearance, or manners, or even logic. But you knew where you were with him. Indeed, he told you unsparingly where you were. And underneath all the brilliance and the dynamism there was also a deep lack of vanity. It was an idea which he asserted, not a notion of himself. Even when the young and irreverent of us pulled his leg, we never dared be caught at it.

The Port from the Off-Licence

Thus I remember one evening in Sussex, long before the last war, staying at a house near his own at which he was coming to dine. Just before dinner our host, Lord Rosslyn, remembered that there was no port in the house. He remembered, too, that Belloc liked port. At the end of dinner, therefore, after someone had gone to the village and brought back a bottle of three-and-sixpenny port from the local off-licence, the wine was decanted and brought up with ceremony.

'This', said Lord Rosslyn, 'is all I have to offer. I have kept it as a historical curiosity. It is the last bottle of my father's port laid down for me'—and here he went into elaborate details of place and date. 'It will probably be undrinkable by now. It may be sugar. It may be vinegar'. And he poured a glass out. Belloc drank it slowly. 'A remarkable wine', he said at last. 'An admirable wine. There is no reason to waste it on these young people'. And while he kept the decanter by him, pausing in his talk occasionally to refill his glass ('No, no', Lord Rosslyn would expostulate. 'No more for me. I have only brought it up for you') I felt for him my one moment of true affection. There is nothing more endearing than to catch a great man in the middle of a huge mistake.—*Third Programme*

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Shaw-Barker Letters. Edited by C. B. Purdom. Phoenix House. 25s.

OF BOOKS BY BERNARD SHAW 'the cry is still they come', and the probability is that they will continue to come for another hundred years, until his epistolary communications are exhausted. He was the most voluminous of letter-writers, the most assiduous of postcard-writers, and his complete correspondence will almost certainly equal his collected works in length. It is indeed possible that he will ultimately be recognised as the most versatile and entertaining writer of private letters in the language, for his interests were almost unbounded, his directness of expression was unrivalled, and his humour unflinching.

Here is the sixth or seventh volume of his correspondence to be published. It is edited by Mr. C. B. Purdom, whose *Life of Granville Barker* is a necessary adjunct to it. The editor might have given us the names of some actors referred to by their initials, but otherwise he has done his work well. Granville Barker was one of the very few men for whom Shaw felt real affection, and perhaps the saddest experience in the older man's life was the severing of their relationship by Barker's second wife, whose dislike of Shaw as a man was equalled by her antipathy to him as a playwright and surpassed by her hostility to him as a socialist. Barker's feebleness in letting her estrange him from one who may be described as his literary and histrionic godfather leaves a blot on his character.

These letters show us how much he owed to Shaw's advice and encouragement throughout his career as actor and manager. But they also show how little he could profit from G.B.S.'s example as a producer of the Shavian comedies. 'He has come to think that it does not matter who acts as long as he produces', wrote Shaw to Vedrenne. 'This is a deadly mistake. Get your cast right, and get them interested in themselves and in the occasion, and stage management can be done without, though it does no harm when it does not get into the way of the acting . . . Let Barker go home and write plays. He has no real genius for stage management; only an arrant laziness which makes him busy himself on cheap detail when he ought to be doing something important and difficult'. Shaw then advised Vedrenne to take the pick of the Court Theatre players to America, where 'Barker can barkize all my plays out of recognition without interference from me'.

A performance of 'You Never Can Tell' in the provinces horrified the author, who reproved Barker for making the actors underplay their parts, and told him: 'The right tone is never "a little weak perhaps"; it is always devastatingly strong. Keep your worms for your own plays, and leave me the drunken, stagey, brass-bowelled barnstormers my plays are written for'. Barker simply would not let his actors act. 'I repeat, again and again', Shaw wrote, 'if you can't handle Playfair, you can't manage a theatre: you can only do what the others do—train worms to play your own game. No doubt it is a very good game; but it is not the game'. And he warned Barker to leave a young performer alone: 'If you try to prevent him from acting, you will make him impossible—paralyse him and get nothing'. Every future producer of Shaw's comedies, to say nothing of Shakespeare's dramas, should use these letters as a textbook.

Shaw was always inciting Barker to write plays and stimulating him with praise when they

were written, but from a passage in one of these letters it appears that the praise was given for Barker's sake and did not express Shaw's full feeling. 'You are the only playwright with anything of the quality of Meredith's style', he said; but as he could not read Meredith on account of both manner and subject-matter, this was a left-handed compliment. Since Barker's plays became more and more involved and difficult to perform, Shaw was right about their Meredithian quality, and if Barker had produced his later works he would no doubt have adequately trained worms to play his own game. That he was nevertheless a remarkable man and a fine actor within limits is proved by the fact that he could inspire the excellent letters that appear in this collection.

The Scientific Study of Social Behaviour

By Michael Argyle. Methuen. 21s.

The significant word in the title of Dr. Argyle's book is: 'scientific'. Social psychology deals with matters of such every-day nature, matters with which mankind has necessarily been concerned ever since it was concerned about anything at all: the relations between one man and another, that a mass of assumptions, expectations, and rules of thumb has been accumulated. We rely on the hunch, on intuition, on 'common sense'; why develop an elaborate scientific procedure to demonstrate what we know already? For two reasons: in the first place we don't know nearly as much as we think we know, in the second place, during the last fifty years we have become more consciously concerned with 'human relations' and we want to be (or ought to want to be) as accurate as possible in our predictions. However, it is no easy matter to look at the obvious as though it were odd. The first thing we tend to do is to dress up the commonplace in fancy-dress language and give the impression that we are being scientific, because no one can make head or tail of what we are talking about. Dr. Argyle does not play that game. In his view, if we are going to be scientific, let us get quite clear about the process of scientific reasoning and the various forms it takes: generalisations, hypotheses, theories, and the like. Accordingly, he devotes the first part of his book to this subject, and very well he does it. It is, of course, addressed to the student of society, but if only the pontificators who lay down the law about the social relations of man could be persuaded to read it, they would, perhaps, talk less glibly.

The second part summarises the scientific evidence, gathered by careful observers and ingenious experimenters, on a wide range of topics. Is the interview a good method of selecting people for jobs? What sort of people are chosen as leaders of men? Is job-satisfaction related to increased output? Why do the waitresses in Chicago restaurants weep more than any other female employees in the catering industry? This is but a handful. In the course of exploring his field Dr. Argyle covers the greater part of the enormous amount of research into the behaviour of small groups and into the application of social psychology to the problems of industry. His book suffers from one defect, a defect inherent in any survey of research: he has to give us a multitude of references, and he hasn't the time, very often, to say exactly what the experimenters did. This does not matter to the student, who can look up the original material, but it might put the

ordinary reader off. Dr. Argyle has done his best, and he has produced a coherent story out of it all. It will be a pity if the non-specialist is unnerved by the sight of so many, and such very odd, names. Let him read on and listen to Dr. Argyle.

The Rise of the Novel. Studies in Defoe, Richardson and Fielding.

By Ian Watt. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

This is an unusual and able book. Unusual not because Mr. Ian Watt has examined the intellectual and social background of Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding but because he has combined with this sociological and historical approach some highly intelligent and perceptive literary criticism. Nothing can be more boring than a sociological investigation of the soil in which the literary plant germinated and came to flower; nothing is less boring than Mr. Watt's lively and well-informed discussion of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Moll Flanders*, *Pamela*, and *Clarissa* in the light of contemporary intellectual and social conditions. It is one of the great merits of his book that Defoe, Richardson, and Fielding do not disappear behind a cloud of tendencies and influences, but are seen as exceptional writers responding to certain pressures that were the inevitable result of the social class to which they belonged, and the point of time at which they were living and writing.

Before Mr. Watt assembles his steel structure he digs deep foundations. The rise of the novel, as he sees it, represents 'a literary change . . . analogous to the rejection of universals and the emphasis on particulars which characterises philosophical realism'. In support of this statement he points to the preference shown by Defoe and Richardson (but not so much by Fielding) for giving their characters realistic proper names, 'in such a way as to suggest that they were to be regarded as particular individuals in the contemporary social environment'. He has no difficulty in demonstrating Defoe's sharp awareness of place and of the whole physical environment of his characters, or Richardson's equally acute sense of time. Mr. Watt is particularly good at bringing the most effective evidence to bear on the point he is arguing, and in discussing Richardson's preoccupation with the time factor he reminds us that this was one of the aspects of *Pamela* that Fielding chose to ridicule in *Shamela*. 'Mrs. Jervas and I are just in bed, and the door unlocked; if my master should come—Ods-bobs! I hear him just coming in at the door. You see I write in the present tense, as Parson Williams says. Well, he is in bed between us . . .'

Mr. Watt's chapters on Defoe are the best in his book, and perhaps the most penetrating criticism of Defoe yet written. *Crusoe* is seen as an expression of economic individualism and of economic specialisation (the appeal of *Crusoe*'s make-it-yourself existence on the island is 'a measure of the depth of the deprivations involved by economic specialisation'). He is also an expression of the Puritanism in which Defoe was nurtured, although in Defoe religious concerns 'have no priority of status . . . but punctuate the narrative with comminatory codas that demonstrate a lifetime of somewhat mechanical practice'. Mr. Watt's account of both Defoe and Richardson owes much of its interest to the fact that those very different writers present a challenge to the critic. How, for instance, are we to read *Moll Flanders*? Is Defoe ironically aware



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by

Emanuel Swedenborg

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of the curious contradictions in his heroine, alternately kind-hearted and ruthless, generous and selfish, moral (or at least aware of moral issues) and completely amoral? Mr. Watt is inclined to believe that the ironical contemplation is in the mind of the modern reader rather than in that of Defoe, and his advice to us is to remember that Defoe wrote rapidly and piecemeal, and that in reading him 'we must posit a kind of limited liability for the narrative, accepting whatever is specifically stated, but drawing no impressions from omissions, however significant they may seem'.

The main problem with Richardson is to explain how he at once 'gratified the reading public with the combined attractions of a sermon and a strip-tease'. In answering this question, and in seeking to account for Richardson's mixture of Puritanism and prurience, Mr. Watt examines the position of women in the eighteenth century, the middle-class attitude to marriage, the double standard of sexual ethics, the new society of the suburbs, and so on. If the Richardson chapters are not quite so original as those on Defoe, it may be because Richardson has received more critical attention in the past, and there was less for Mr. Watt to do. Yet he has many interesting points to make, and a pretty turn of wit that keeps the argument lively and provocative. This is not Fielding's book. He suffers from failing to exemplify those tendencies that Mr. Watt sees as crucial in the rise of the novel. He is not unfairly treated; it is just not his party.

Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne
 Edited by Sylvia de Morsier-Kotthaus.
 Museum Press. 21s.

Nowhere is a more vivid and varied picture of French society of the early nineteenth century to be found than in the four volumes of the *Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne*. Born in 1780, daughter of the Marquis d'Osmond (who was of English origin) and a mother of Irish connections who became lady-in-waiting to the sister of Louis XVI, she was in her own words 'literally brought up on the knees of the royal family'. As a friend of people like Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant and Chateaubriand, she was in constant touch with the culture and politics of the Empire and Restoration. She lived on into the later years of the Second Empire, and in old age wrote the *Memoirs* for the benefit of her nephews, one of whom left them for his friend, Charles Nicoulaud, to publish in both French and English translation from 1907 onwards.

The present edition, a brief selection from the original four volumes, is well chosen to give an impression of the malicious wit of the old lady herself, and of the many picturesque and often important incidents that she describes. Strangely enough it makes no acknowledgements to the earlier and complete editions, and makes no attempt to indicate on what principles or in what respects the abridgement has been made. But it contains much that is of interest, both to the general reader and to the more serious student of the period.

The political interest of the *Memoirs* lies chiefly in her views on the restored Bourbon Kings and their ministers. They are always shrewd and sometimes biting. Like many of her friends she was essentially a liberal, opposed equally to the extremes of Jacobinism and of Legitimism. She praises especially the moderate policies of Villèle, and credits Chateaubriand with having, in a pamphlet of 1817, 'honoured the men of the left with the fine name of liberals'. She testifies to the intelligence, skill and polite manners of the Paris workmen she employed in 1830, and to the change of attitude which had come about among them since 1819.

Praising their reasonableness, perception, and common sense, she adds that 'unfortunately the King (Charles X) and the nation were of incompatible temperaments'. She represented, indeed, an important element in French life which the Restoration was unwise to ignore and to alienate. An admirer of English life and government (though not of the Prince Regent himself), she offers reflections upon them that are of wide interest. And her impression of London in 1816 is worth repeating:

It may be imagined that the orange-coloured cloud, striped with black, brown and grey and saturated with soot which hangs over the town, exercises a certain influence on the minds and character of the population. In no other language, whether in poetry or prose, is the charm of the countryside extolled with a more vivid and sincere passion than in English literature.

These *Memoirs* deserve a more careful translation and a more scholarly editing than they have here received: but as they stand they should make more widely known a rich document of social history.

Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations. By P. M. S. Blackett.
 Cambridge. 8s. 6d.

Professor Blackett's new book contains the substance of his Lees Knowles Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the influence of atomic weapons on military and political policy during the last ten years. His thesis is that the existence of atomic weapons has been a central factor in influencing military policy since the war, and that this policy has evolved through three stages. During the first, atomic weapons were an American monopoly, in the second America held an atomic superiority, and in the third, an effective military parity in atomic weapons is emerging between West and East.

He calls for a realistic analysis of this situation, and the adoption of policies appropriate to it. He believes that the basic facts can be ascertained and explained from data already published and from the implications of actions and statements by experts. He analyses these by the modes of argument of operational research, which he developed with such brilliance in the anti-submarine campaign during the war. Wherever possible, the data are subjected to quantitative analysis and surveyed with critical judgement based on technical knowledge. This approach places flights of imagination and hunches under firm control and leads to sensible estimates of what really may be expected to happen.

Professor Blackett's forecast ten years ago, that since ordinary atomic bombs would probably not be decisive in an intercontinental war, a war conducted with such weapons was unlikely, has been confirmed by events. He considers that the possession of hydrogen bombs by the great powers has made a major war still less likely. It is therefore practicable for West and East to come to an understanding, tacit or otherwise, to avoid major all-out wars.

Professor Blackett considers that great efforts should be made to take advantage of this situation, and especially not to waste it by being unrealistic about minor wars. These will probably continue to occur for some time, but it should be possible to secure a general acceptance of rules and restriction of armaments which would reduce their danger and cost. Ultimately, perhaps, such operations would evolve into police actions, and war in the old sense of the term would disappear. But the first thing, in Blackett's view, is that the facts and reasons in favour of the limitation of certain weapons, and possible saving on armaments expenditure by the adoption of an appropriate military policy, should be made known and explained.

Professor Blackett's expert and realistic approach has provided the public at large with some of the most hopeful and encouraging ideas and information that have been placed before it in these sombre times.

Gertrude Stein: Her Life and Work

By Elizabeth Sprigge.

Hamish Hamilton. 25s.

Gertrude wrote at night . . . leaving the pages for Alice to type first thing in the morning. 'Then she and Gertrude would always be so surprised and delighted at what she had written for it had been done so unconsciously she'd have no idea of what she'd said the night before!' And although Gertrude always asserted that her writing was in no way automatic, she did also tell her friends that she wrote down whatever came into her head and stopped when the flow ceased.

So unconsciously devastating a summing-up of its subject might well dismiss any book devoted to it. But while it may sum up the importance of Gertrude Stein for us today, we have to remember that she was one of the most quoted literary names of her time, and that she remains the 'historical person' she herself had always wanted to be, 'almost from a baby up'. How did she contrive it? When she visited Hollywood at the height of her fame, the experts there were lost in admiration of her publicity methods. She denied, perhaps rightly, having any. She was certainly all of a piece. Sharp as a needle, and in many ways as insensitive, she took herself and her work with unmitigated seriousness. A gleam of doubt in the eye of a devotee was quite enough to dismiss him or her to the limbo of 'not seeing each other any more'.

She would have detected no such doubts in her present biographer. Miss Sprigge has all the requisite ardour, and in no way attempts either to question or to re-assess the work she discusses, often quoting the oddly dated eulogies of the time, and leaving it at that. But she is far too experienced and intelligent a writer to let enthusiasm warp the view. A life so busy and so static, so centripetal and yet thronged with miscellaneous personalities, must have been hard to present in perspective. But the author succeeds admirably in coping with her vast and no doubt repetitive material, and gives us a live and continuous picture of her subject, from the solid, alert but puzzled young graduate, through the long years of incubation and emergence at the Rue de Fleurus, through two wars that flanked the years of fame and 'being a genius', and on to the tired, handsome, gossipy old lady re-opening her Paris salon to a swarm of admiring G.I.s.

Perhaps her chief secret was simply that she was the first *émigré* writer who succeeded in staying American. That was why she became a mother-figure and a totem to so many American writers and tourists, for whom she was the essence both of a new sophistication and a new, native simplicity. The origin of her methods is clear enough. She had watched the cubist painters with a child-like eye—she remained a child at heart, and perhaps elsewhere, all her life—and decided to apply their aims to writing, and set out to find the literary fundamentals that would correspond with the cube, the cone and the cylinder in painting. It was not a logical project, but it became admirable in a way for its sheer defiance of logic, even if her most ambitious work today can only recall a jumbled phrase-book or a language-grammar.

Nevertheless she did hit on a new style of thinking-as-writing—as artificial as any—but tremendously important to Hemingway and others who could adapt it to their needs and make its automatism function. For herself, her style remained, in her creative works, an instru-

ment for its own mysterious sake. One feels that she came dangerously close up to the problem of whether an absolutely personal idiom can have

any meaning at all—and that, in its way, was quite a heroic enterprise. But the present study of her life and work leaves one with the feeling

that she did have her fun doing it and living it—which she might have considered as acceptable an obituary as any.

New Novels

Room at the Top. By John Braine. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

A Ship of Glass. By John Coates. Gollancz. 15s.

Without Love. By Gerald Hanley. Collins. 13s. 6d.

The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock. By Gerald Bullett. Dent. 15s.

HE wears a fourteen-guinea suit; a sharply dented hat, soiled inside with brilliantine; a Standard English accent, picked up as a N.C.O. in the Air Force; and a tie-pin shaped like a dagger. In his suit-case he carries a shot-silk dressing-gown, the first he has owned—'Working people look daft in dressing-gowns', his Auntie always said. He has left her and the rancid mill town where she raised him behind for ever. His new lodging lies on what Warley calls T'Top: a prosperous suburban Olympus of mock Tudor and pseudo-Spanish, with fruit trees in the gardens and big cars in the drives. For the first time, he will sleep in a room, polished and fragrant, which is not merely a bedroom; wash in one, gleaming and green-tiled, which has never been anything but a bathroom. And already he senses the inverted commas hovering about such gracious living. He has set out, and will never feel at home again. But hunger and war have made a knife of him, and before him stretches a world of butter. The opening twenty pages of John Braine's forceful first novel, *Room at the Top*, define something long in need of definition. They make it worth while to return, one last time, to a worn-out phrase and argument. With their help, may we try to have out, once and for all, the question of the Angry Young Man?

Dreary bickerings have gored almost all meaning from the *cliché*. It still remains the only description for something which, in spite of sneers, matters more than anything that has happened in our literature for years. It may be embarrassing to recognise it. It is embarrassing to recognise, a century after *Sybil*, that there are still two nations in Britain, and they are still at war. 'You're hurt because everything is changed', the heroine of John Osborne's play tells her father. 'Jimmy's hurt because everything is the same'. The everything she means has scarcely altered, save for the difference that is Jimmy: the difference made by the opening up of the O.C.T.U.s and universities, by Penguins and the Third. The two nations have come face to face at last, for the young men from the back streets have found voices: the first to do so and escape (as Wells, Bennett, and even Lawrence never wholly escaped) gentility. Eliza has learned the language without becoming too ladylike to tell Higgins what she thinks of him, and in living memory our writers have not had so much to say. They have found two virgin worlds for exploration: the genteel world English literature has always inhabited, as it looks from outside; the ungentle one it could never enter, as it looks from within. Both are revelations, savager places than anyone realised, most savage in their confrontation. Each proves a fortress ringed with shibboleths, where one false tone condemns the furtive invader. One foot in each, reporting both to the other, the new class continues the war in their own bosoms, forging a merciless new national self-consciousness. This, surely, makes the link between Amis, Osborne and the rest, and justifies the excitement at their emergence.

John Braine shows a cruder, less experienced talent than they, but an even stronger grasp, simple yet convincing, of the roots of the matter.

Joe Lampton, his ambitious young accountant, has a heart, and sensitivities to wound. But he knows the world he never made, and what he wants from it, too well for shame about using his only weapons there: an actor's handsome face, an actor's facility. He wants, innocently enough, the plenty his childhood denied and T'Top offers: cleanliness, delicacy, ease; a sports car, and a girl with unspoiled skin and silky hair. Susan, the daughter of Warley's biggest manufacturer, fills that last bill, and promises the rest. The only obstacle, once Joe has made his way into the local theatre and learned not to oil his hair, is the fact that he loves an older, married woman, risen from a background like his own. He surmounts it; and that makes his tragedy. Mr. Braine's faults are implausible female dialogue, and a streak of sentimental violence. But they protrude only because the rest carries such conviction. The novel has strengths to outweigh them: firm direction, a swingeing humour (the bawdy Charles, with his face like a vicar on the razzle and his wry Schedule of Mates for the grades of civil servants, endears particularly), and, above all, the cold sniper's eye for social detail bred of a frontier life between our horn-locked nations. I would add *Room at the Top* to the short list of novels a foreigner curious about Britain now might profitably read. Natives, too.

John Coates catches an equally sharp, unnervingly novel reflection of our ways, in *A Ship of Glass*, by introducing another kind of stranger in our midst. He seizes the chance Angus Wilson missed by making the monstrous, unhappy Danish wife of *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* a source of insular merriment. Mr. Coates takes Anna, the Icelandic goddess who marries a mere English mortal, with the seriousness she deserves. She meets poor Nicky Hearne in the one moment of his life, rescuing earthquake victims in Greece, when he could feel both great and natural, and returns to England with him in a blaze of love. Once in the bosom of Nicky's family, England brings all her thousand petty safeguards against both nature and greatness to bear against them. The life of an Endymion by daylight drives Nicky to embrace his mediocrity, while Anna, fatally, withdraws further and further into the private twilight of her wounded Wagnerian dream.

It recalls that Forster story with the similar opening, 'The Road from Colonus', in which England defeated the same deities; and indeed, the quality of the first half approaches Forster. The worried normality of Mrs. Hearne and her daughters, struggling to cope with a primitivism residing above nations and centuries, let alone questions of dealing with servants and county neighbours, produces some fine satiric comedy. Anna, so superb among the Greek earthquake victims, cannot see that in rural England she is an earthquake, leaving victims in her path. But Nicky sees, being one, and grows to hate her statuesque blindness. Unfortunately, having recognised the deadlock of these two rights which make a wrong, Mr. Coates lets his characters talk instead of act it out, elaborating it with extra-sexual motivations hinted without sufficient preparation. The writing at the end

grows hurried, and the last chapter closes on a bathos. Still, *A Ship of Glass* is an unusually original and intelligent novel, crisp, imaginative, and, in both favourable senses of the word, worldly.

I suspect that the failure of Gerald Hanley's new novel rests, finally, on some obscure failure in worldliness. I hesitate to say so, for on the surface, *Without Love* seems, as it threads familiarly through the smoky chiaroscuro of Barcelona's underworld, as sophisticated and cosmopolitan as any of the Graham Greene adventures to the wilder shores of sin, which it so resembles. I hesitate even to call it a failure. Of the four novels here, it must be by far the most serious and painfully written, the product of deep feeling and brilliant skill. Yet somehow it never quite carries conviction, and in the end it left me with an uncomfortable impression—I have to say it—of slight silliness. Mr. Hanley writes impressively of religious faith. He can enter the minds of a simple and devout Irish girl, or a tepid but sincere Catholic, such as his Spanish detective, in a way that commands belief. It is when he writes of irreligion—of the enemies of the Church, dark forces of anti-Christ and so on—that he loses contact with recognisable reality, and enters a celluloid world where I begin to boggle.

His story is the hounding down by heaven of Michael Brennan, lapsed Catholic and hired assassin. Brennan has worked for the German S.S. during the war, then for the Communists in the French Resistance. Now an outlaw from every nation, he works for a subterranean nihilist movement of mysterious ramifications, hunting through the Corpus Christi crowds (here be symbols) a renegade member who might betray it. Behind him, another dagger follows lest he waver, and behind that the footsteps of the God he rejects but cannot disbelieve. The chase is swift, the background lively with brothels and flamenco, yet a deadening spuriousness hangs over all. I find it hard to believe that vast underground organisations pledged to destroy all human civilisation exist outside the works of Mr. Douglas Reed. I find it harder to conceive any actual counterparts to the sinister, pseudonymous agents in *Without Love* whose burning motive is a hatred of life. Both, I concede, may exist. But they are difficult to imagine, and I do not think Mr. Hanley, in spite of his earnestness, has succeeded.

At least, I find it easier to take seriously the small Jane Austen problems of *The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock*. Gerald Bullett's novel inhabits a placid Victorian countryside (for fun, spot the clues that tell the year—I make it 1869) where the greatest peril is spinsterhood, and the only shadow of sin follows the lively widow who holds a prior claim on the handsome lawyer the youngest Peacock girl loves. But I don't mean to convey a sense of superficiality. Mr. Bullett's real concern is with the whole phenomenon of Victorianism, what it meant to live in an established order which explained and regulated one's universe, what it cost to break away. I mean only that, while fundamentally serious, and impeccable in period scholarship, his novel reads as lightly as a syllabus.

RONALD BRYDEN

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

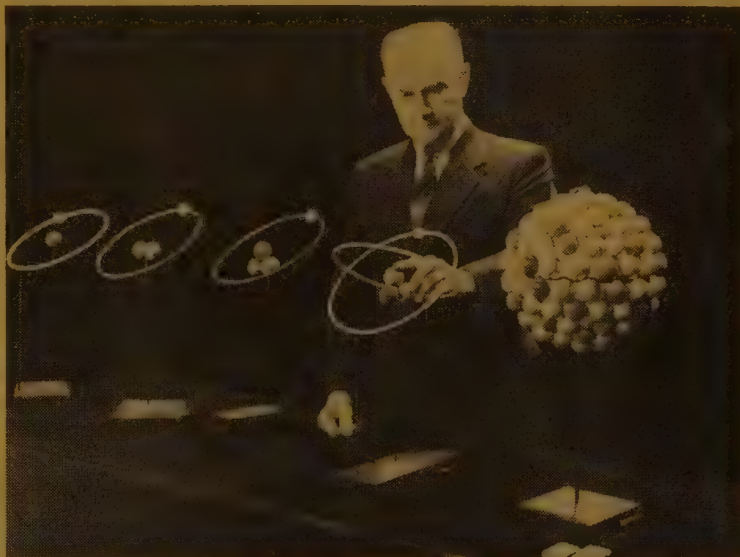
Nature Wild and Tamed

THREE WEEKS AGO I switched on 'Nylon Trade Fair; visit to the Albert Hall'. I find these astonishing new substances which the scientists spring upon us nowadays—nylon, plastics, and so on—pleasantly exciting and I expected to be shown something of the multifarious forms in which nylon is now being used. But my hopes were hardly realised. Save for a few perfunctory glances at one or two other forms I was fobbed off with a mannequin parade. Not that rich fabrics and wonderfully dressed women bore me—far from it—but I had been led to expect a feast of nylon in all its variety and the feast provided was simply *toujours perdrix*; not even, for instance, a glimpse of *men's* clothes. But last week's 'Panorama' set out to repair at least this omission with a parade of male fashions. Alas, the English male mannequin only too evidently doesn't like his job. One after another, with hardly an exception, they crept across the screen, apologetic, shamefaced and painfully ill at ease. My heart bled for the poor chaps.

In 'Frontiers of Science' Dr. T. E. Allibone, in a programme called 'Nuclear Energy in the Service of Man' which was a television edition of this year's Faraday Lecture, gave us science without frills. By means of simple diagrams, drawings, and models made of what appeared to be coloured pingpong balls he illustrated various forms of atoms and the production of nuclear energy and also described some of the uses to which radioactive substances can be put. For me these matters had hitherto been shrouded in mystery, but after Dr. Allibone's admirably lucid exposition, which kept me continuously engrossed and never once took me out of my depth, I feel I have if not a grip at least a respectable inkling of what goes on.

So far from being up to the minute, the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, which is a part of the imperial palace, is an interesting

survival of the past. Here white stallions of Andalusian stock are trained in various athletic feats formerly employed in cavalry battles. It is with great reluctance that I say that it was a disappointing display, and I knew why when I had again read the article on the subject in *Radio Times*, where it was mentioned that in the middle of the hall there are two pillars seven feet high. Now to the viewers these pillars appeared to be no more than half that height and I realised that the cameras were, unavoidably I imagine, placed at a height much above



Dr. T. E. Allibone, F.R.S., in 'Frontiers of Science: Nuclear Energy in the Service of Man', on March 12

eye-level and that consequently all the vertical movements of the horses were disastrously reduced. This was doubtless due to the exigencies of circumstances but it detracted severely from what must be a thrilling display for any spectator on ground level. None the less the magnificent hall of the riding-school, with its crystal chandeliers, balcony, and royal box, was a fine spectacle and so was the elaborate quadrille in which these noble and highly cultivated animals stepped it in perfect time to Chopin's A major Polonaise.

It was a far cry from these civilised scenes to the wild life of the African jungle. Armand and Michaela Denis have already shown us some superb films of wild animals, but none to surpass the B.B.C. film in the 'Look' series called 'The Lion and the Waterhole', in which we saw at close quarters giraffes, buffalo, cheetahs, deer, ostriches, vultures, elephants, and many other creatures, and finally the lions which lie in wait at the rare waterholes where all these other beasts are driven by thirst to gather for their daily drink. The threat of the lion was visibly present in their constant alertness—pricked ears, quick turns of the head, nervous sniffing of the air or, as in one grimly dramatic shot, a sudden stampede of galloping beasts. Mervyn Cowie, Director of the Royal National Parks of Kenya, added much to the drama of the film by his excellent running commentary.

Many amateurs who grow their own flowers and vegetables will find, if they have not already found, that they generally get some useful tips

from Percy Thrower's Gardening Club on Thursdays and from the horticultural bigwig, a different one each week, who joins him for part of his programme. Mr. Thrower demonstrates with real seeds, real plants, and a small bed of real soil so that you have not only a verbal but a visible demonstration of how to do things. You may find, as I sometimes do, that he or one of his visitors sometimes shows you how to do what you can do already: in that case you can pat yourself on the back and tell yourself that in this particular case at least a real trained gardener can teach you nothing. Mr. Thrower talks well and makes a very pleasant occasion of it.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

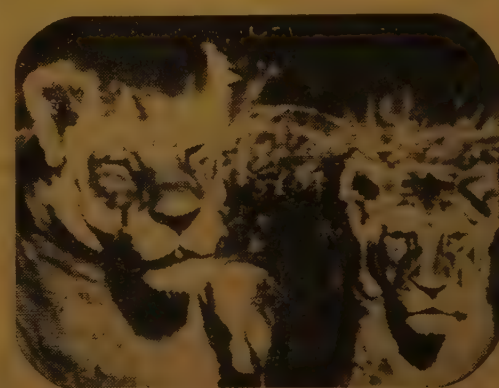
In the Troubles

IT IS WHEN one gets to know a work too well that one begins to drop 'clangers', or whatever the modish word of the moment may be. A critic once found himself writing, quite happily, of 'Johnson's Boswell'. I sympathise because I am beginning, alas, to attribute O'Casey speeches to the wrong people: a sign that one is on terms dangerously familiar. So, crying still 'E. and O.E.', and haunted by a dread of 'chassis', I move fearfully into this article—reflecting, too, that Roy Walker has got in first with a penetrating essay on 'Juno and the Paycock' on sound-radio. Simply now to reaffirm O'Casey's genius is to paint the lily.

The televised St. Patrick's Night 'Juno' had, inevitably, to fit into ninety minutes—sometime we must have an extra five minutes as a treat—but, for once, I did not feel like storming Lime Grove and enforcing upon the schedule-makers a complete, untrimmed, and compulsory 'Back to Methuselah'. On Sunday the cutting, verbal and visual, was imaginative. John Jacobs, the producer, had made an almost eloquent use of the staircase that we do not see in the play. It became a processional way for the tenement-people of a tragedy that is, in fact, tragi-comedy: one of a design so bold that the men of Bankside would have welcomed O'Casey as a brother. They would have recognised the



The Spanish Riding School of Vienna in a performance from the old imperial palace of the Habsburgs on March 11



A film shot of two lionesses in 'Look: the Lion and the Waterhole' on March 13

John Cura



'Juno and the Paycock' on March 17, with (left to right) Liam Redmond as 'Captain' Jack Boyle, Noel Purcell as 'Joxer' Daly, Peggy Marshall as Juno, Kevin Stoney as Charles Bentham, and Joan Phillips as Mary Boyle

flare of the word and the sudden building of that cairn of woe.

Up the tenement staircase the Paycock moved with his consequential strut, or (when bound for the irony of that famous last scene) with his sharp, drunken lurch. There Joxer spanieled him at heel. There Mrs. Tancred moved down in the lament that Juno would repeat, practically word by word, as later she, too, would descend in the regality of grief. And down the stair the Irregulars thrust Johnny towards his doom in a scene that on Sunday night terrified me as much as it has ever done. O'Casey gets us to wait for those inexorable trench-coated men—acted here with the right understatement—just as, in plays so different, one waits for Gloucester to turn upon Hastings, or the devils to snatch Faustus to the pit.

I am not saying that the acting was complete, though I doubt whether there is a better Paycock today than Liam Redmond. He may lack the sudden Sinclair rasp, the affronted-rooster eye, the voice that could whirl like a clapper or a rattle; but he has a slow, pseudo-Ancient Mariner pomp, and he begins with the advantage of having a head that does resemble 'a stone ball that one sometimes sees on the top of a gate-post'. It can be the head of a Thinking Man: soulfully, Mr. Redmond can consider himself considering the stars. I don't feel that he gets everything he can from my favourite word, 'tatheraraa', but no one could make a pronouncement on Consols with more relishing dignity.

I wanted an ampler, warmer Juno than Peggy Marshall's; still, she knows her way through the part, and Sara Allgoods are not in every casting register. Noel Purcell, a tall, bean-pole Joxer, quotation-frothing and ready to bite the feeding hand, wore a beard and looked—for a few fevered moments—like a tattered Parnell: the kind of performance that sketches a character accurately without the pencil's final idiosyncratic and transforming pounce. We saw Joxer, for once, in the 'snug' round the corner, also in Needle Nugent's shop. Eric Crozier, without violence to the play, had repieced it now and then for television, and managed it cunningly. Dónal Donnelly and Joan Phillips (Johnny and Mary) worked into the parts without fuss. Maisie Madigan suffered more than anyone, not because Anna Manahan failed to understand that sociable torrent, but because here the cutting did falter. Maisie was thinned out a little (her first cascade speech, for example), and the actress could not reproduce the gusto of a Maire O'Neill. It may be unfair constantly to

summon the past; but in the mind certain players belong to 'Juno'. They stand behind the newcomers: the scene is full of ghosts.

If 'The Plough and the Stars', I think, is still the greater—a word that rises naturally—of the twin brethren of the Irish stage, 'Juno' remains almost in step with it. I have never felt any need to gum to the plays that label 'realistic'. Potential Paycocks and Joxers may have abounded in Dublin during the years of 'chassis', and probably abound yet, but I hardly believe that any of them have spoken with the royal art of O'Casey.

From Dublin to Wales, to the 'troubles' in the university created by John van Druten for 'The Druid Circle'. This splendidly wrought play of a bleak little world should have reached our stage long ago: its neglect over here has been surprising. I hope managers who have ignored it were watching the television performance where Ralph Michael, with a voice like the relentless bite of a blow-torch, was the warped, bitter Professor. David J. Thomas produced with direct ease; Mr. Michael, as he should, dominated the scene. 'I was affected by their emotion', said the Professor starkly at the last (one remembered the 'I was moved withal' of Tullus Aufidius), and through the evening I could have echoed this.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

One Man's Truth

IS THE THIRD PROGRAMME seeking solace in ether parties? Anyway, it is having a season in Hell. A month of March hares was inaugurated by Gogol's madman. Last week there was an insane interlude by Eugene Ionesco, who sounds like a United Nations agency and writes like a split personality, and a planet-plagued private fantasy by David Lindsay. By now we shall have heard what opium does to Jean Cocteau and another repeat of the macabre 'All That Fall'.

By grafting giggles on to Grand Guignol, M. Ionesco has given us the ghastly-grotesque. He uses the long, slow build-up from near-normality to prepare us for a violently absurd climax. In 'The Picture' he takes too long over this preparation of the canvas. The joke of a berserk business man beating down an artist's price and finally making him promise to pay for the privilege of leaving his work

with the prospective patron should last not thirty minutes but ten. But the climax, when at last it comes, with the business man trying to make the best of both worlds, life and art, by killing women and posing them as pictures, still comes off. I thought Maurice Denham rather weakened the effect by giving the business man a streak of conscious cunning, in Michael Bakewell's production. The insanity of Ionesco's world is absolute, however quietly it creeps up on us.

David Lindsay relies on direct imaginative assault to involve us in his mad world of monstrous creatures, and soon lost me somewhere in outer space. At the end of 'A Voyage to Arc-turus', in the Third on Sunday, it transpired that Maskull was Nightspore and Krag was Sertor (if that's how you spell it) and was also Pain. Whether this was a good thing or not I am unable to say. For nearly three hours entities with similarly gnomish names and novel anatomical features, such as bony protuberances and third eyes, had been dragging round in bizarre and burning landscapes reminiscent of Salvador Dali, grating away at each other about Pleasure, Duty, and a lethal sort of Music, and occasionally smashing each other with rocks, cleaving each other's skulls, or just dying with horrible expressions on their faces. This odious odyssey founders on the rocks of private allegory. As someone (or something) somewhere said, 'There's a kind of murk between us and the view'. It was like stumbling over a stony beach on more bare feet than one thought one had towards a sea receding at the same slow speed. Stephen Murray, Howard Marion-Crawford, and Anthony Jacobs marked manfully, if that is not too anthropomorphic a term, and E. J. King Bull's production powerfully evoked whatever it was. But this eloquent highbrow horror comic made pretty kraggy listening.

There was a touch of terrestrial nightmare about James Forsyth's play 'The Pier' in the Home Service on Monday. Mr. Forsyth is a sad case of a Christian poetic dramatist of decided talent, whose religion and drama are mutually destructive. His parable of proletarian guys and dolls beside the seaside involves an exchange of girl friends between a relatively good young man and a twisted Teddy Boy gang-leader, a sort of Brighton Rock with salvation written right through the centre. The Teddy Boy, very well acted by Kenneth Griffith, and the girl converted to rather brash Christianity go off the deep end of the pier together, while the gangster's



Scene from 'The Druid Circle' on March 14, with (left to right) Mary Jones as Mrs. Maddox, Ralph Michael as Professor White, Marilyn James as Megan, Brian Peck as Tom, and Terence Longdon as Maddox

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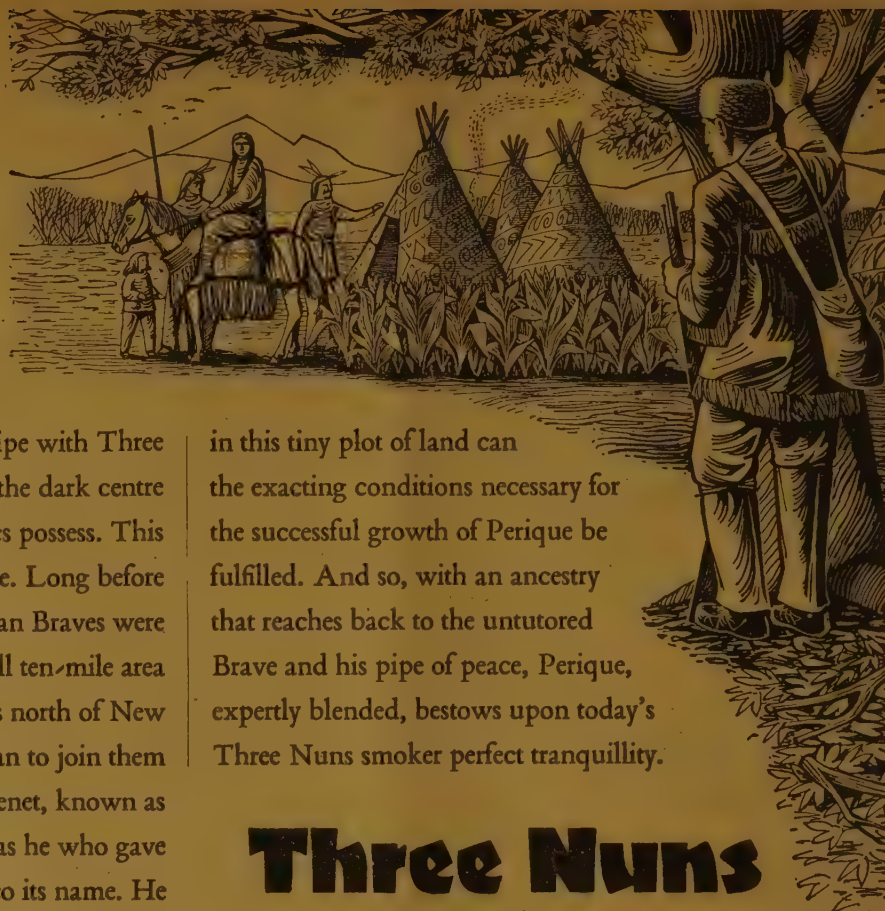
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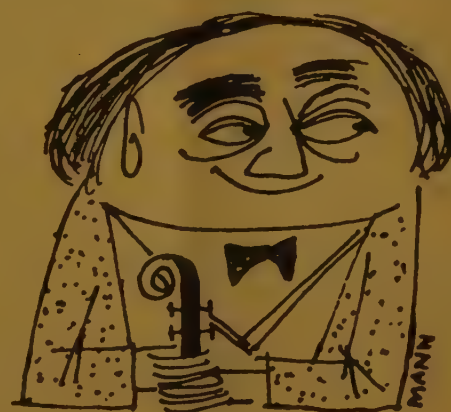
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girl is saved, in several senses, by the love of the good young man. Mr. Forsyth had something to say, but the relationships between his characters were no more plausible than the mixture of poetry and slang they talked.

In 'An Enemy of the People' Ibsen also made a parable of a play that takes place beside the sea, where the health-giving waters are poisoned by moral as well as material sewage. No less an authority than William Archer wrote that of all Ibsen's plays this 'is the least poetical, the least imaginative, the one which makes least appeal to our sensibilities'. It was Ibsen's retort to the outcry that greeted 'Ghosts' and it might be considered his 'Coriolanus'. (It was Middleton Murry who observed that Shakespeare's identification with that enemy of the people 'is strangely complete'.) Not only the shortsighted Stockmann but his brother, the mayor, and the others, now strike us as stock characters. In a greater Ibsen play about isolated idealism (such as 'Brand', broadcast a few weeks ago) they would have been lifted into allegory. However, H. B. Fortuin's Home Service production on Saturday gave us a good rowdy public meeting and a bluff, good-natured Stockmann, in Michael Hordern.

The Light Programme mid-week play shows one man healing the wounds of class prejudice and moral bigotry, out of his own ripe humanity. At first the Quinteros' comedy 'A Hundred Years Old' sounded as slight as an average instalment of the Archers. But the play gathers just enough weight later as the centenarian Don Juan exudes the sort of love that reconciles people to each other. There were some pleasant Spanish touches in Victor Menzies' production of the Granville-Barkers' translation, though the line 'Dear me, dear me, dear me, *madre de dios!*' wasn't one of them.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Purpose of Punishment?

ONE OF MY MOST LASTING memories from childhood reading is of that passage in *Erewhon* where Butler sends his criminals to hospital and his invalids to prison. I was not so sure about the imprisonment, but nothing seemed more obvious to me than the hospitalisation. The purpose of punishment, it seemed to my innocent mind, could be nothing other than reform; and then, when I read that plethora of prison memoirs that came out in the middle nineteenth-thirties, I realised how little reform had to do with the matter—punishment was its own end. Now another Butler is distinguishing himself as the first Home Secretary for decades really to attack the whole vast problem of our prison system. His announcement of policy came a few days before the second in a series of Home Service programmes in which Mr. Cyril Ray is giving a general picture of life in our prisons, and discussing the various aspects of their reform. In the excellent column which Mr. Ray used once to write in *The Sunday Times* he did not often have a chance to show his special and humanitarian interest in prison reform and capital punishment, but in 'Men Inside' he makes his attitudes plain, achieving balance without the curse of detachment.

Last week's programme was subtitled 'The Legacy from the Past', and it was illustrated with tape-recorded interviews with various prisoners and prison officers. The prisoners themselves spoke with a remarkable absence of rancour—something which I don't think could have been simulated by thoughts of an extra fag or a second cup of cocoa at eight o'clock. Most of the prisoners seemed to long for a decent job to do outside the cells, where they are locked up from four in the afternoon till eight next morn-

ing, after a day's work of three-and-a-half hours. Mr. Ray's thesis was that aimlessness is the curse of prison, and the utter pointlessness of most of the work the prisoners are put to was beautifully underlined by one prisoner who, on being asked if he was learning a trade, said, 'Yes, I'm learning to use a chopper'. Even old lags wanted to learn a trade, but the shortages of prison staff and the inadequacies of the amenities of most prisons means that thousands of men a year regain their freedom with no gain from imprisonment whatever.

The time will certainly come when our period will be looked back on with as much horror and incomprehension as we now show for the days of the treadmill. There was one bright note in this programme—apart from the thought that the Home Office is waking up: an old lag who had spent thirty-five years in gaol talked to Mr. Ray with humour, kindness, and something which one could not help but recognise as a fundamental decency. Of Dartmoor he could even say, 'It's a very happy prison'. It says much for the human spirit that this man could still be what he is after so many years inside; but, as Mr. Ray said, what a tragedy that his virtues were never, somehow, canalised either by society or by the prison authorities.

Earlier in the week there was another Home Service tape-recorded programme—memories of Sir Francis Younghusband recorded by various friends and acquaintances. 'Great things are done when men and mountains meet', said Blake, but I have never felt much sympathy with those men who have turned their love of mountains into a religious mystique, and for this reason, I suppose, I have always sheered away from Younghusband. I could take and admire the explorer, but not the crackpot.

This programme put him in a new perspective. He was not merely trying to impose on the world something of the mystical experience gained during his travels in remote places, neither was his aim of a union of the faiths anything so simple as an amalgamation of all the creeds of the world. He was, I imagine, himself a deist who could not accept a revealed religion, but his purpose was to overcome the evil of religious controversy by lessening the dogmatic nature of all revealed religion. He wanted the West to recognise the spiritual pre-eminence of India, tried to further the contribution of the oriental mind to the western mind. It is this side of his thought that makes me wonder. Hasn't the oriental contribution to western thought been quite deep—and quite harmful—enough? The clear hellenic light which Plato inherited was obscured by the Orphic mysteries spreading from the east; Christianity itself is an 'oriental' religion, and the bloodshed and misery which has marked the whole history of the Christian religion derives from the endless modifications which the western mind has had to impose on a way of thought which is basically eastern.

With a few personal touches the portrait of Younghusband came out sharp and clear: a shy man who loved the society of his fellow men, a man dedicated to the idea of God who, while undergoing intense physical pain, could cry out that no God could be omnipotent who allowed such pain to be. Perhaps it is here, in this strange cry, that the key to understanding Younghusband lies.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Needs Must . . .

CORRESPONDENCE IN *The Times*, an article by my next-door neighbour on this page a fortnight ago, and last week the letter from Mr. Needs calling for recruits to his Society for the Protec-

tion of the Third Programme—all this ominous smoke seems evidence of a genuine conflagration, though (like Mr. Swan) I know no more of it than I have read in the press. The idea that listeners may be deprived of the Third Programme by a stroke, however reluctant, of some administrator's pen, is so shocking that it would be incredible, were it not that in this age no sacrifice of the 'humanities' on the altar of the Common Man and his even commoner taste is out of the question. Else one would refuse to believe that there was even the remotest possibility that the B.B.C. would destroy what is, in the eyes of all civilised people, its finest creation and one that has won admiration and emulation abroad.

I assume that the situation in which this act of barbarism can be contemplated arises from the economic effects of the popularity of television, whose programmes have lately ousted those of sound broadcasting from their old pride of place in *Radio Times*. More is wanted for television, so less can be spent on sound. Therefore—the argument presumably runs—let us cut out the expenditure on the programme which, according to the verdict of Audience Research, has the smallest audience. There is no need to challenge the validity of the conclusions reached by Audience Research, highly empirical though they seem. Numbers are not everything. There is something to be said for taking into account the quality of the audience—what is called their I.Q.

There is the further consideration that the large numbers who have been drawn away from sound radio to television come (I suggest) from those who normally listened to the Light Programme and, perhaps, the Home Service. I cannot imagine that television as it is today diminishes the Third Programme's audience. If the television audience continues to grow, will it not be the more 'popular' programmes that will soon be found to have lost their audience? Here, if anywhere, seems a logical case for retrenchment and even, perhaps, for the combination of the Home and Light Programmes in a service that would retain the best features of both.

Quite apart from the special prestige of the Third Programme as a channel of adult thought and entertainment, there is the fact, especially pertinent to this column, that in no foreseeable future can television usurp the place of sound radio as a purveyor of music. There is neither the time nor the space on the screen for the adequate presentation of full-length opera, while there is no particular advantage in being able to see a concert in progress, provided one can hear it well. The place of music in broadcasting must be conserved and it is, as anyone with a memory going back to before 1946 will realise, only in the Third Programme that an adequate place for it can be found.

In his appeal for support Mr. Needs suggests that those who want the Third Programme to continue should agree to pay a higher licence-fee. But to that there seem to be two objections. A higher fee cannot be levied on a proportion of licence-holders; it must be all or none. Or are we to make a voluntary donation to the B.B.C. over and above the legal fee paid to the Postmaster-General? Human nature being what it is, that would be chancy for the B.B.C. I suggest that if the Corporation is in such financial straits that it can contemplate cutting down a unique and essential service, it should, as a first step, demand that parliament gives it the whole, and not a part, of the money paid for licences. When I pay a guinea for my licence, I do not see why a part of that guinea should be diverted to paying for some other public service. If I acted in that manner as a private citizen, it would be called embezzlement and I should be enjoying free board and lodging in



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one of H.M. prisons at the expense, in part, of my fellow-licensees, instead of writing this article to urge them to support Mr. Needs in his campaign.

Even before the rumour of impending dissolution came to my ears, I had begun to suspect that the Third Programme's exchequer had been depleted. Since the brave celebrations of the tenth anniversary last autumn, there has been an increasing tendency to rely on recordings for many of the major events. I have no prejudice against the use of commercial recordings, especially when they bring us a performance so good

as that of last Sunday's 'Der Rosenkavalier' which would be difficult to surpass or even to match in any opera-house. But too great a reliance on the gramophone can lead to a lack of vitality in the programmes and apathy in the audience, some of whom, at least, may say: 'Oh! well, we can put that on the gramophone any day'.

Special recordings made for broadcasting are another matter. The latest of these was a particularly welcome performance of Gluck's 'Paride ed Elena', an enchanting work that is lighter and less severe than either of the two

previous operas with texts by Calzabigi and the grander French classics that followed it. Some of the music is closer to Mozart's comedies than anything else of Gluck's. The duet for Paris and Amor, for instance, foreshadows Susanna in 'Figaro'. Of the singers Luigi Alva was particularly good as Paris, a tenor with a true lyric style but capable of delivering heroic recitative effectively. The rest of the cast, headed by Gianna Maritani, sang well, though not always dead in time, under the direction of Fulvio Vernizzi.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Prime Musician of the Nation'

By DENIS STEVENS

Fayrfax's Mass 'Tecum Principium' will be broadcast at 8.35 p.m. on Thursday, March 28 (Third)

IF Doctor Fayrfax were alive in this country he would be condemned and perish for lack of maintenance'. These were the words of a Scottish priest, bemoaning the state of music north of the border in the mid-sixteenth century. It is nevertheless to his credit that he remembered the name of one of the greatest Henrician composers, whose music had not been unknown in Scotland, or in France for that matter, earlier in that same century. The renown of Robert Fayrfax was due in no small measure to the quality of his music, but apart from this he was a man to be reckoned with, for his academic prowess, his appointments at cathedral and court, and his remarkable personality combined to make him a musical figure of considerable importance at a time when England was particularly rich in composers of consequence.

His career was not strikingly dissimilar from that of many of his colleagues, though he was less prolific than some and less possessive than others. He was not a member of the famous Yorkshire family of Fayrfax, but there is every likelihood that he was born of a Lincolnshire branch at Deeping Gate, for the baptism there of one Robert Fayrfax is recorded on April 23, 1464. It was not long after this date that boys with promising voices became officially liable for a kind of musical call-up, and they were usually sent to London or Windsor for a thorough training in singing as well as in non-musical subjects. Perhaps Fayrfax was impressed in this way, for he gained rapid advancement once he had passed the initial hurdles and joined the Chapel Royal. This he did when barely thirty years old, and soon afterwards he received the first of what proved to be an enviable long series of payments and rewards for musical services rendered. That first grant was made in respect of a chapel in the diocese of Hereford, but Fayrfax had not long enjoyed it before he was forced to give it up on acceptance of the post of *informator chori* at St. Alban's Abbey. This may have happened as early as 1498, and although Fayrfax retained his place in the Chapel Royal, he lived at St. Alban's, worked there for twenty-three years, and died there in 1521. It was this last period of his life that gave him the greatest freedom to compose, and he lost no time in gaining the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music at Cambridge, in 1501 and 1504 respectively.

A visit made by Elizabeth of York to St. Alban's gave Fayrfax his first opportunity for writing music for a special occasion and a royal personage. The work was a five-part motet, 'Aeterne laudis lilium', based on a rhyming genealogy of Christ with introductory verses in honour of the Virgin. When the name of St.

Elizabeth appears, it is repeated five times in succession by different voices—a rather obvious but nevertheless charming compliment to the royal visitor, who paid Fayrfax 20s. for setting this 'anthem of Our Lady and St. Elizabeth', as it is described in the records of her Privy Purse Expenses. In the following year, 1503, Elizabeth died, and Fayrfax was among the members of the Chapel who sang at her funeral.

The work which Fayrfax submitted for his Cambridge D.Mus. was the splendid though complex Mass 'O quam glorifica'. Like most of his subsequent Masses, this one made extensive use of a musical motive common to the beginnings of each section, as well as relying upon the solid underpinning of a *cantus firmus*: the hymn for Vespers of the Assumption, 'O quam glorifica luce coruscas'. Other masses were based on antiphons such as 'Regali ex progenie' (Nativity of the Blessed Virgin), 'Tecum principium' (Nativity), and 'Alloquio dulcis' the first word of whose fifth line—'*Albanus Domini laudans mirabile nomen*'—gives the Mass its title and shows it to be in honour of St. Alban. This very theme was used in an earlier work on St. Alban, for the great abbey had sheltered an illustrious predecessor of Fayrfax in the annals of English music: John Dunstable, whose music must have been known to Fayrfax when he was a chorister and a student.

Bearing in mind the composer's deft adaptation of a scriptural name for a royal visitor, it may not be unreasonable to think of the Mass 'Regali' as fitting for the coronation of Henry VIII. It is a work of massive proportions, and the splendour of its texture never belies its name. Nor would the Mass 'Sponsus amat sponsam' be inappropriate to the marriage of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon in 1510, for the plain-song which gives the Mass its name belongs to the office for St. Catherine of Alexandria. A century before, the same trick had been brought off in a motet which Byttering supposedly wrote for another Henry and another Catherine: Henry V and Catherine of Valois.

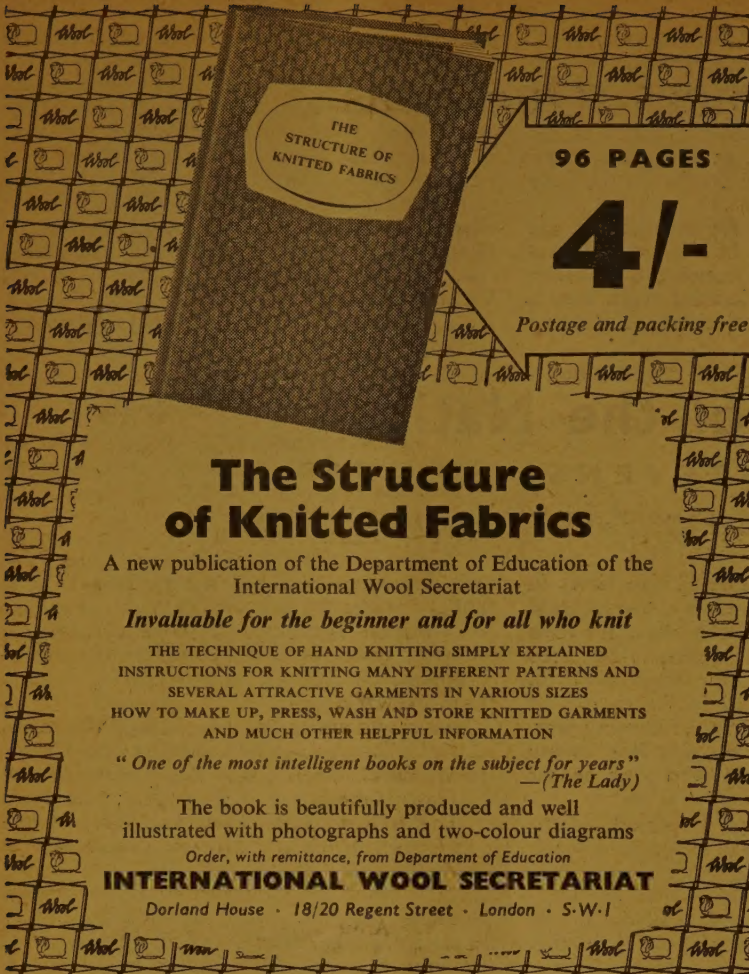
Whatever the chronological order of the Masses, it is certain that Fayrfax was exceptionally busy during the early years of the sixteenth century. Yet he found time to have himself incorporated as D.Mus. at Oxford in 1511, and three years later was made a 'poor knight' of Windsor, which meant that he received a by no means negligible pension. His position at court remained a valuable one in many ways, for he was often called upon to provide music for entertainments, and the handful of court songs that have been preserved show that he was perfectly at home in the realm of secular music. On

each and every New Year's Day from 1516 to 1519 he was paid considerable sums of money for copying or composing books of songs or anthems, and one of these illuminated manuscripts may well be the famous *Fayrfax Book* in the British Museum.

His greatest hour came in June, 1520, when he was called upon to take charge of the Chapel Royal musicians when they accompanied Henry VIII to his meeting with Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. There was every opportunity for his choir to display their talents, whether it was in the frivolous but highly amusing masques and plays, or in the solemn pontifical Mass that was celebrated on Trinity Sunday. On this latter occasion the chapels of the French and English monarchs combined, and although the lavish nature of Francis I's entourage is said to have put Henry's in the shade, there is no doubt about the quality of the English choir, led by Fayrfax. A year after this triumph he died at St. Alban's and was buried in the Abbey. His wife survived him for a few years, but when she died the Dean and Chapter ordered that a brass should be set up in her memory and that of her husband. An old sketch of the brass depicts Robert and Agnes Fayrfax, with the inscription: 'Pray for the soules of Master Robert Ffayrefax, Doctor of Music, and Agnes his wife and her children. Robert deceased the xxiiij day of October in the year of Our Lord God mdxxi. on whose soules Jesus have mercy. Amen'.

The music of Fayrfax is a perfect example of strength through flexibility, for in spite of his academic honours he avoids arid counterpoint and sterile intellectualism, reaching out rather for striking contrasts of texture and long, flowing melodic lines, rich in rhythmic subtleties and mercurial in their movement. He can sustain an apparently simple duet section for minutes on end, yet the musical interest never flags, and when the full choir returns the sonority seems overwhelming. His choice of time-signatures may at first appear conservative, but the finesse of his cross-rhythms looks forward to the mastery of Byrd and Palestrina. In his day he was indeed (as Anthony à Wood said) 'the prime musician of the nation'.

Now available from Sidgwick and Jackson for £8 8s. 0d. is the Third Supplement 1953-1955, with main issues to March 1956, of *The World's Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music*, compiled by F. F. Clough, and G. J. Cuming. This is the continuation of the only encyclopaedia that includes all recorded music of worth-while interest from every record-producing country in the world, whether available or not, in classified lists for easy reference.



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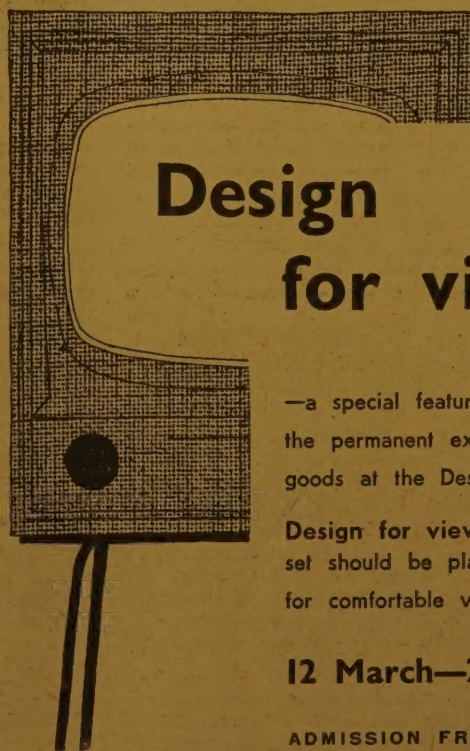
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For the Housewife

Answers to Listeners' Questions

By BARRY BUCKNELL

A LISTENER asks if it is possible to re-fix knife handles with resin. She means natural resin, not the synthetic resin used in glues. That is the oldest and a very common method. To do it, you must heat up the resin till it melts. I should use a very old pan for this. Then heat up the knife tang—that is the pointed part that goes into the handle—not red hot but fairly hot. Pour a blob of resin mixture into the hole in the knife handle, and while the knife tang is still hot push it firmly into the handle. Wrap a rag round the knife, so that you can hold it without burning your fingers. Another method is to crush the resin and put the resin powder into the handle and then push in the hot tang which melts the powder.

Nowadays, there are other methods. The science of glueing has become very highly developed, particularly since the last war, and it is almost true to say that you can glue anything to anything. Some manufacturers claim to do this with one glue, but in fact most glues are designed for particular groups of substances, and naturally they do the job they are designed for better than other incidental jobs. For this job you need a hot-waterproof,

glue, which does not shrink on setting, and which will fill the space in the handle. You can buy glues in the shops to do all this.

The danger of knife handles falling out is much less now that blades are usually pressed into xylonite or celluloid handles, but it still is a wise precaution never to put the handles of knives into boiling water.

Another listener is faced with the old problem of linoleum that is faded and drab. To remedy this I would suggest lino paint. You can get gay colours, and it wears well. But remove all the dirt and wax polish first. If detergent is not strong enough, then use steel wool and turpentine, but not soda.

I have also been asked how to deal with the discolouration of the bottom of an electric iron. If the iron has overheated and blued the metal there is nothing you can do about this, except renew the sole; but if the bottom is smooth the ironing will not be affected.

An iron can also be marked chemically by very starchy materials, by touching rubber, or by burning wool. These marks can usually be rubbed off by using ordinary vinegar. But use it only on the sole. Or you can use a detergent or a mild abrasive, like fine steel wool with

paraffin or soapy water as a lubricant. With a steam iron, the manufacturers recommend scouring powder, fine steel wool, or very fine emery cloth. Be sure to hold the iron the right way up so that no abrasive clogs the steam holes and be very gentle.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

JOAN ROBINSON (page 459): Reader in Economics, Cambridge University; author of *The Accumulation of Capital*, *Economics of Imperfect Competition*, etc.

WILLIAM CLARK (page 461): formerly Public Relations Adviser to the Prime Minister and on the editorial staff of *The Observer*

HUGH SETON-WATSON (page 462): Professor of Russian History, London University, since 1951; author of *The Pattern of Communist Revolution*, etc.

ERIC NEWTON (page 467): art critic to *Time and Tide*; author of *Tintoretto*, *The Meaning of Beauty*, *British Sculpture, 1944-46*, etc.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES (page 480): editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*; assistant editor of *The London Mercury*, 1928-32; editor of *The New Outline of Modern Knowledge*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,399.

Playfair—III.

By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

To complete this puzzle a Playfair cipher is used. In the example given, the key-word is SIMPLETON, followed by the rest of the alphabet in order. I and J S I M P L count as the same letter. To encode a word, split it into pairs of letters thus: VE RG EN CY. CY H K Q R U becomes FW, using opposite corners of a rectangle of letters.

VC becomes WF. For two letters in the same row (or column) use letters to the right of (or below) each. For last letters of a row, or column, use the first. The word encoded is SB UF TA FW.

When the answers to all the given clues are inserted, 19 Ae.; 4, 23, 32, 39D. and 35R., which are not words, are the encoded forms of the names of six creatures and the key-word of the cipher used is the name of another creature. The seven creatures all figure in the story of a well-known character. Observant solvers can find additional help by examining their diagrams. The unchecked letters occur in: PUT GRAVE DATE.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Male person named before (2).
2. Steersman with a united hip-joint (4).
6. 'Mid listening Echoes in her Paradise she sate' (6).
11. To bore everybody, by the sound of it (3).
13. In revenge, half the alumni turned back, wailing (9).
14. It used to be very warm in the Bay View Hotel (4).
15. One of Romeo's family ends as a music maker (3).
17. Fibre needed for making bristles (5).
20. Huge piles erected by this tiny bird (4).
22. You'll be upset in Scotland if you coup this (4).
23. Including all in front of the bus (4).
24. Sounds as if this pier is its own clue (4).
25. Injured water-fowl in the mill-stream (4).
27. Mrs. Arabin was once (4).
30. Smart subaltern exhibits the guard of a Japanese sword (5).
32. This makes your horse turn left (3).
34. Unimpeded, loud and wild (4).
35. Countess Ciano's stories? (4).
38. A pigeon in the convent (3).
- 40R. To do as the setter does in 6 Ae. (5).
- 42R. Crab's claw for a Hindu novice (5).
43. Meadow half a league away (3).
45. A rose-noble (4).
46. Between a halfpenny and a piece of candy you may hit this (5).
48. Happy Roman governor (5).
50. Edible seed of spearmint?

- (3). 52. Artist after gold for doing odd pieces of work (4).
54. These gulls have forked tails (4).
55. An ordinary band (4).
56. Hebrew stringed instrument without the Spanish sharp point (3).
57. Wheelless carriage, still the same if the goddess of 59 is on it (4).
58. Its venom dispatched a famous queen (3).
59. Goddess with a fishing line in this coarse grass (5).

DOWN

1. Hedges an untidy copse (4).
2. There's always something ox-like in a rustic (5).
3. What mounted attendants of the royal carriage do (7).
6. Tree the French put in after July 2 (3).
7. Describing British weather I yarn dishonestly (5).
8. Fertilizer in the garden I treat with care (5).
9. A Kansas city, in which Ali returns, grasping a duck! (4).
10. Concerning an unsatisfactory tenant who loses his head (5).
12. Objective relative (4).
16. Much of the Roman bull in this beast (4).
18. Written on by schoolboys once (6).
21. Drunk by French abstainers (3).
26. Sloth of *Le Roy Fainéant* (2).
28. A bit of chewed-up rubbish (3).
29. One of the signs of pride (3).
31. Between Java and Lombok (4).
33. A measure of importance to impress deeply (7).
36. A large share of Jock's drams—causes a hang-over perhaps (6).
37. At Allington they kept no diary (5).
41. These sea-birds are found in Papa Stour I am sure (4).
44. Unsatisfactory meal for the dancing-girl (4).
47. Not any clue here (4).
49. He may be slippery, but back the General (3).
51. 'You see an — head of your own, do you?' (M.N.D.) (3).
53. One of Stalin's men turns back the German (3).

Solution of No. 1,397

BEFOREJENALAE
AGINCOURTYMOLT
NILERCTEENIULE
NSTREELFLODDEN
OVERCHASERYEYE
CEREVENOCORNEH
KINDREDMAGUACO
BLENNHELMBOBALL
USEJOLLETANDAL
RAMILLIESREETU
NBATTLEFRANTIC

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. W. Payne (Longfield); 2nd prize: A. N. Dowswell (Sutton); 3rd prize: T. W. Edwards (Rotherham)

1		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12		13							
14				15	16		17	18		
19				20		21		22		
23				24				25		26
27	28	29		30			31		32	33
34				35	36	37			38	39
40			41			42				
43		44	45				46	47		
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